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THE HISTORY OF Miſs Jenny Saliſbury, &c.

VOL. I.

THE

HISTORY

OF

Miſs Jenny Saliſbury;

ADDRESSED TO THE

Counteſs of ROSCOMMOND.

Tranſlated from the FRENCH of the celebrated Madame RICCOBONI.

In TWO VOLUMES.

VOLUME I.

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THE

HISTORY

OF

MISS JENNY.

I Find myſelf, Madam, under a neceſſity of laying before you an apology for my conduct, or of leaving you under a perſuaſion that my behaviour is extremely ſingular, not to ſay altogether blameable. The very ſplendid offers I have received from two eminent Perſonages, have drawn a number of curious and inquiſitive eyes upon me. All judge of me according to their own notions, and condemn me upon their own principles.

Who can imagine that I have any reaſonable motives for rejecting an immenſe fortune? In the opinion of the generality of mankind, moderation is a quality of little account: It is rather conſidered as an indication of an indolent temper, and of a groveling mind, than as the reſult of ſolid and judicious reflection, or the effect of an exalted virtue.

As I am free from all particular attachments, I have not adopted the prejudices of any condition in life; I am not ambitious of ſingularity, and I ſhould bluſh to affect a philoſophy which more frequently ſerves to conceal pride and vanity, than diſintereſted virtue. With reſpect to the circumſtance concerning which you have expreſſed yourſelf with ſo much zeal, I act altogether from my own perſuaſions. If my own conſcience approves my conduct, I can reſt ſatisfied, and diſregard the approbation of the multitude; but I can never, Madam, be indifferent with regard to your good opinion, which I ſhall always eſteem it an honour to deſerve.

I confeſs, Madam, that you are not miſinformed. A nobleman who is rich, powerful, much eſteemed, cloathed with many honourable diſtinctions, pays his addreſſes to me with the moſt ardent aſſiduity; he is young

young likewiſe; he is univerſally allowed to be engaging; he has long ſince entertained a fondneſs for me. A paſſion preſerved inviolably for five years, may ſeem to give him ſome right to hope, to expect, nay to demand the reward of his conſtancy. I reject his ſolicitations, every one is ſurprized at my conduct, and you yourſelf, madam, you *do not approve of this obſtinate refuſal.*

Lord Alderſon eſpouſes the pretenſions of my lover. It is rumoured abroad that he has an intention of adopting me. In fact, he has declared his deſign of diſinheriting his relation Sir Henry Lindſey, in my favour. Immenſe riches are offered to me. Nothing is required of me but one ſingle declaration: And I am preſſed to make it, by one who has ſufficient influence to render her perſuaſions effectual. . . . . Ah, madam, What declaration! What huſband is propoſed to me! And what guardian has a right to expect tenderneſs and reſpect from me! When you exhort me by your letters not to ſlight *ſuch vaſt advantages*, are you acquainted with my condition? Do you know who I am? Are you acquainted with thoſe, whoſe ſentiments appear to you ſo full of generoſity? You charge me with a perverſe oppoſition, to the kind intentions of a venerable old man. I will not, you ſay, give my conſent to *an adoption* which would

overwhelm him with joy. Ah, I now from my ſoul deſpiſe both the title of his daughter, and the motive which inclines him to confer it upon me. This old man was deaf to my cries, when my extreme wretchedneſs obliged me to throw myſelf at his feet. He was proof againſt my tears, at a time when the leaſt aſſiſtance from him might have determined my deſtiny, and have made me happy; it was his duty then, to have ſheltered me from thoſe dangers to which indigence expoſes a young, handſome and friendleſs fair one, who had been a ſtranger to want, and found herſelf abandoned to poverty; who found herſelf on a ſudden caſt from a ſtate of eaſe and affluence, among the children of diſtreſs; among thoſe wretches, who are condemned by poverty to limit their faculties, and reſtrain them to the ſingle attention of providing for the urgent neceſſity of preſerving their exiſtence: Hard lot! which obliges them to ſuffer from day to day, in order to procure the means of enduring the ſame wretchedneſs to morrow.

I might perhaps forgive Lord Alderſon, for having expoſed me to the hardſhips which I underwent through his cruelty; but I cannot pardon him for not having prevented thoſe effects which he ought to have foreſeen. We may forget misfortunes; time itſelf weakens the recollection, but a ſenſe of

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ſhame is indelible. It is owing to Lord Alderſon, it is owing to his cruel repulſes, that I am reduced to bluſh at the very name of the huſband he propoſes to me. How, ſhall I acknowledge him as a parent, how can I ever perſuade my heart to love and reſpect him! Ah! how can I beſtow that tender name upon one who treated me with ſuch inhumanity. He has witheld from me the only benefit which, in truth, we have a right to exact from our parents. Is it not their duty to provide for us with the moſt vigilant ſolicitude, to protect us with the moſt careful attention, to ſupport us in the ſtation wherein we are born, to direct us how to fulfill the duties of that ſtation, and to ſecure us from thoſe ſnares, which vice inceſſantly ſpreads beneath the ſteps of innocence.

A language like this no doubt ſurprizes you. You never expected that I would uſe ſuch a ſtile in ſpeaking of Lord Alderſon. But I am not, Madam, what I appear to be. Uſhered into the world under a fictitious name, I am ſuppoſed to be a relation to Lady Angleſey. A ſeries of melancholy events, obliged me to receive with thankfulneſs a title which concealed my condition, and my misfortunes from the eyes of the world. By relating them to you, I am perſuaded that I ſhall recall your affections, and incline you to

that kind indulgence, which you have ſo often expreſſed with regard to my ſentiments. To make you acquainted with the manner in which the two Lords, whoſe intereſts you ſeem to eſpouſe, have conducted themſelves towards me, will be to engage your approbation, nay your participation, of that juſt diſdain, with which both the one and the other inſpires me.

You have not forgotten, Madam, the amiable Sally Alderſon. You was in Ireland when ſhe died. You lamented the companion of your infancy, and the remembrance of her ſtill ſurvives in your affectionate boſom. This ſimilitude you diſcovered between her features and my own, firſt gave you a deſire to form, and to continue that connection, which is become ſo dear to me. Know then, Madam, that I owe my birth to that unfortunate fair one, to that deplorable victim to a capricious father, proud of the rank of his anceſtors, but little ſolicitous to ſecure the happineſs of his deſcendants. Let me not, by the confidence I repoſe in you, forfeit that eſteem you have ſo long entertained for me; ſuſpend your judgment. My mother was frail, but ſhe was not contemptible. They would compell me to become her accuſer myſelf; they preſs me to expoſe her, and to exhibit proofs of her frailty; they would counter balance the reſpect I owe to her memory,

mory, by vain diſtinctions, rich poſſeſſions, the pride of heraldry, and the pomp of titles. May theſe vain monuments of pride ſooner periſh forever, than I acquire them by ſuch a blameable conduct! I deſpiſe the child who, for the ſake of an intereſted claim, would diſhonour the parent whom ſhe acknowledges as her mother. No, it ſhall never be ſaid that I diſturbed her aſhes by a public recital of her misfortunes. I can with confidence, Madam, commit them to your boſom, but they ſhall never become the ſubject of a baſe litigation between Sir Henry Lindſey and myſelf. This relation of Lord Alderſon's has lately incurred his diſpleaſure, by yielding to the bias of his affections, and preferring an amiable fair one to a rich heireſs, who had been deſigned for him. His Lordſhip propoſes to withdraw his kindneſs from him. An act of parliament ſtands in the way, and makes it difficult for him to alter the ſettlements he has made. It is from his eager deſire of puniſhing Sir Henry, that he makes me the offer of owning me, and preſſes me to ſue him in Chancery. My lover, whoſe obſtinate paſſion is not diſcouraged by my conſtant diſdain of his addreſſes, has promiſed to procure him the title of Duke, the inſtant that he receives me from his hands: Thus, ambition and revenge, in Lord Alderſon's mind, take place of thoſe *generous ſentiments*

which you attribute to him. But the unfortunate wretch whom he abandoned ſo long, cannot be deceived in him. No, I will not deprive Sir Henry of a ſplendid inheritance; Lord Alderſon's ſchemes cannot intereſt me, nor correſpond with my views. I will have nothing to do with him, I will neither ſee him, nor enter into any negociation reſpecting his intentions. From what I am going to relate to you, you will be able to judge, Madam, whether my refuſal is well founded, and perhaps you will no longer accuſe me of caprice and cruelty.

Lord Alderſon, one of the richeſt peers of Great Britain, paſſed the early part of his life at London. He was well made, and of a moſt amiable figure. After having viſited the different courts of Europe, he returned home with a thouſand new accompliſhments. By means of his travels, and his induſtrious reſearches, he acquired a peculiar taſte for all external accompliſhments. He underſtood muſick, danced admirably, had a good ſhare of vivacity, but little underſtanding, and ſtill leſs principle. His converſation was fluent, but his ſentiments were bad; he was vain, forward, inconſiderate, fond of himſelf, and neglected every thing, except his own perſon. Though he was a ſtranger to love, he made it his ſtudy to feign a paſſion, and he placed his chief glory in the perſua-

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ſion that he inſpired a mutual ardor. He ſoon became the object of female infatuation, among thoſe of the ſex, whoſe lively imaginations and inſenſible hearts, would conceal the propenſity which determines them to the purſuit of pleaſure, under the name of a tender frailty. Leſs culpable, perhaps, if the allurements of pleaſure alone ſeduced them; and more happy, if they did not ſo often purſue it in vain.

Lord Alderſon continued for ſome time in vogue; but he ceaſed to be agreeable, and from that time has been inconſolable. It very frequently happens that they, who have the kind of merit which he poſſeſſed, never acquire more ſolid accompliſhments, and ſoon find themſelves rejected by one ſex, and deſpiſed by the other. This his Lordſhip experienced. Neither his birth nor fortune could ſecure him from this hard fate. When he had attained an age which qualified him to fill employments ſuitable to his rank, he had the mortification to find others appointed in preference to himſelf, who might be deemed his inferiors, but whoſe good qualities nevertheleſs juſtified the choice of their Prince, and the eſteem of their country. Having ſcarcely attained his thirtieth year, he quitted London, and retired to Northumberland, where he had an eſtate, with a reſolution to live there, to form a court of his

own there, and never more to appear at that of London.

His aſſuming temper and oſtentation, which was more calculated to make him diſguſt the indigent nobility, than to engage him to pay proper regard to others of inferior rank, his vaſt admiration of himſelf, his extreme capriciouſneſs, and little complaiſance, rendered him very unfit to conciliate the affections of his neighbours. The gentlemen of the county paid him thoſe cold reſpects which are due to men of diſtinction. His rank claimed regard, but his perſon inſpired indifference. Thus the compliments of his neighbours being confined to ſhort viſits, his Lordſhip found himſelf alone. He ſoon perceived that felicity did not always accompany retirement, which does not ſuit every condition, nor every character.

This reſtleſs ſtate of mind determined him to make a tour round the different places where he had any poſſeſſions. He made a voyage to Ireland, there he ſaw Lady Oneale, a young, beautiful widow of quality, but without fortune. He married her, returned to England with her, had a ſon and a daughter by her, and, after five years cohabitation, loſt his lady, which whom he experienced ſo little endearment, that when he found himſelf diſengaged, he made a ſolemn oath never

ver to enter into a ſecond union. Lady Sarah, his daughter, was placed at a boarding-ſchool near London; and his ſon and heir, the only object of his concern, remained at the family ſeat, where his lordſhip had fixed his reſidence ſince his marriage.

This favourite youth, being carried off at the age of fourteen, by a malignant fever, left his ſiſter heireſs to a very large fortune. I will not deſcribe Lady Sarah to you, you have ſeen her, Madam; having been educated together, you had an opportunity of making yourſelf acquainted with the qualities of her mind. The ſurprize and tenderneſs you expreſſed when you found her picture in my apartments, were ſufficient to aſſure me that the traces of her perſon were not worn out of your recollection. To the graces of that beautiful figure which the canvaſs preſents, Lady Sarah united the moſt noble and generous ſentiments. She was bleſt with an equanimity of temper, a ſenſibility of heart, and a tenderneſs of diſpoſition. Her elevation of mind inſpired her with reſolution, but her mildneſs of temper endued her with complacency, and formed her to that agreeable and amiable character, which, without promoting its own felicity, contributes to the happineſs of all around it.

Lord Alderſon lamented the loſs of his ſon exceedingly; not that he loved him with a tender affection; but that ſon was to preſerve his family from extinction, and to tranſmit a name for which his Lordſhip had a violent partiality. The death of the young Lord having ruined his expectations, he ſent for his daughter home, and propoſed to give her in marriage. He at firſt deſigned her for his ſiſter's ſon, the father of Sir Henry. He propoſed to transfer his titles to that baronet, and oblige him to bear the name and arms of Alderſon; but that nephew being abſent, and very far diſtant from the kingdom, his Lordſhip was not forward to declare his intentions.

Lady Sarah had reſided about ſix months with her father, when the Earl of Revel took up his abode at Werſteney, a beautiful ſeat which he had lately purchaſed within three miles of Alderſon. A very grievous wound had obliged him to quit the ſervice. He did not propoſe to be long abſent from court. His preſence and influence there were too neceſſary for the ſervice of a young nobleman, whoſe happineſs and promotion he had nearly at heart. In the perſon of this young Lord, the Earl loved and patronized the ſon of his illuſtrious friend, who was formerly dear to his affections, and was ever preſent

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to his thoughts. You may remember, Madam, that the late Duke of Saliſbury, after having endeavoured for many years to ſupport a weak and unfortunate party, at length paid for the attachment he preſerved to the family of his old maſter, with the price of his head. All who belonged to him were involved in the ruin of his fall. His deſtitute family went in ſearch of an aſylum far diſtant from their country. Edward his ſon, then an infant in his cradle, and who had loſt his mother before that terrible event, was left to the care of Lord Revell. That nobleman, attached to the unfortunate Duke of Saliſbury by the moſt tender friendſhip, regarded his ſon as a precious charge, and as an object, who might revive all the affections he entertained for his father. He propoſed to give that beloved youth a fortune equivalent to that which he had loſt by his father's unhappy fate. A laudable generoſity inſpired the Earl with frugality, taught him to retrench thoſe ſuperfluous expences which impoveriſh the great, and deprive them of the means of being liberal. Lord Revel ſacrificed faſhion to benevolence, his fortune augmented conſiderably, by the aſſiduity with which he managed it himſelf; and he applied all his attention to render his pupil accompliſhed. Edward, who was of a mild and grateful nature, made ſuch improvements under ſo excellent an education, that at the

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age of ſixteen he was without an equal in England. He had attained his twenty-ſecond year, when the Earl of Revel made the purchaſe of Werſteney. Having been about ſix months returned from his travels, the young Lord, who had juſt entered into the Engliſh ſervice, repaired to his regiment for a ſhort time, and about the middle of autumn he took up his reſidence with Lord Revel.

The proximity of their abode giving Edward and Lady Sarah opportunities of frequent interviews, they were not long before they diſcovered that they were formed to be mutually agreeable to each other. Lady Alderſon admired Edward, and he felt ſo ſtrong a deſire to conciliate her affections, that loſing all reliſh for amuſements, he fell into a deep melancholy, which Lord Revel quickly perceived. The diſcovery made him uneaſy, and he was anxious to learn the cauſe of Edward's inquietude. He, naturally open, could not treat ſuch a generous friend with reſerve; he diſcloſed his affections to him with that frank ſincerity, which is inſeparable from a noble mind, and freely confeſſed that all his hopes of felicity were ruined, if his Lordſhip diſapproved his ſentiments.

The Earl could have wiſhed that his inclinations had been fixed on ſome other object.

ject. He had no eſteem for Lord Alderſon, and ſeldom viſited him; nevertheleſs he did juſtice to the acknowledged merit of his daughter, who was loved and reſpected by all the neighbouring nobility. Beſides, ſhe was heireſs to a large fortune; this conſideration inclined the Earl in favour of the marriage. He made earneſt ſolicitations to get Edward reſtored to the dignity of his family. The King ſeemed diſpoſed to grant him that favour. The hopes of obtaining this reeſtabliſhment, an illuſtrious birth, a thouſand amiable qualities, the rich preſents from Lord Revel, the aſſurance of being his heir, all theſe circumſtances together, rendered Edward ſo advantageous a match, that it ſeemed difficult for Lord Alderſon to form the leaſt objection againſt ſo ſuitable an alliance. The Earl of Revel courted his friendſhip, and taught Lady Sarah's lover the art of accommodating himſelf to her father's inſupportable vanity, without demeaning himſelf; thus, by gentle management and ſkilful preparations, he rendered Edward ſo agreeable to Lord Alderſton, that the moment he opened the propoſals for the deſired union, the offer was received with joy, and the terms agreed to without heſitation.

Lady Sarah was not conſulted; but her heart was ſo powerfully prepoſſeſſed in favour of Edward, that ſhe found no difficulty in ſub-

ſubmitting to the injunction which required her to love him. The articles were concluded on. The day, which was indiſſolubly to bind this tender union, was already fixed, when the Earl of Revel was taken dangerouſly ill. He was at Lord Alderſon's ſeat, when the fever attacked him. His wound opened, and his illneſs appeared ſo deſperate, that it was not thought ſafe to remove him. He therefore remained at Alderſon. Young Edward, who was always by his ſide, expreſſed ſo much concern for his condition, ſhewed ſuch a tender and grateful diſpoſition, a diſpoſition ſo remote from thoſe mean and intereſted conſiderations, by which thoſe who have expectancies generally comfort themſelves, and aſſwage their griefs, that Lady Sarah's affections became more warm and paſſionate. Edward was one of thoſe characters who appear to greater advantage the more they are known, and who, with every riſing opportunity, diſcover new virtues.

During the time that Lord Revel was confined to his bed, Edward and Sarah did not leave his room. They diſputed with each other the pleaſure of alleviating his melancholy ſituation, of comforting him, of beguiling his pains by their tender ſolicitude, and, when he found himſelf ſomewhat better, of inventing the means to amuſe him in his recovery. Three months paſſed before his Lord-

Lordſhip could ſtir from his apartment. During that time, the young lovers were accuſtomed to ſee each other, to indulge their affections, and to declare them. Their hearts were united by all thoſe ties which are cemented by intimacy, and preſerved by that kind and generous confidence, which heightens all the charms of love, and adds to the vivacity of the paſſion all the ſolid ſentiments of friendſhip and eſteem.

Their happineſs depended on the Earl's perfect recovery; which they both deſired with equal ardor. At length the wiſhed for day was appointed a ſecond time. On the day preceding, Lord Alderſon deſired to review the articles, and to communicate to Lord Revel ſome alterations which he propoſed to have made. The lawyers being preſent, he directed them to prepare the ſettlement according to his new propoſitions, and he ſhut himſelf up with the Earl to explain the particulars to him.

It was then about the beginning of Spring. Lady Alderſon, who was on the point of attaining a felicity, which nothing, to all appearance, could diſturb, became on a ſudden quite perplexed and uneaſy, and could ſcarce lift her eyes towards him, whoſe right to her was ſo near being decided. She ſhunned him without knowing the motive which prompted

prompted her to avoid him. When ſhe quitted the table, ſhe went into the garden, and was making haſte to gain a wood in which ſhe was fond of walking, when Edward, following her foot-ſteps, joined her at the turning of a walk. Lady Sarah bluſhed, and was ſo diſconcerted at ſeeing him, that he was ſurprized and vexed at the appearance. He gently upbraided her on account of that air of dejection which overſpread her countenance. A thouſand doubts crowded into his imagination; he began to fear, for the firſt time, that, in giving him her hand, ſhe only yielded to her duty. Her dejection, at the approach of that moment which was to give him poſſeſſion of her charms, that moment which was ſo long expected, appeared to him owing to an indifference towards him, which ſhe had hitherto diſſembled, perhaps out of reſpect and ſubmiſſion. Theſe ſuſpicions, which he took no pains to conceal, affected Lady Alderſon in a moſt ſenſible manner. The repeated aſſurances ſhe gave of her affection, a frank confeſſion of the involuntary emotions which diſturbed her, and filled her with apprehenſions, together with that air of truth and ſincerity which accompanied her profeſſions, ſoon diſpelled Edward's miſtaken jealouſy.

A ſmall ſhower of rain began to incommode them. They haſtened towards a grove ſur-

ſurrounded with ſweet ſhrubs, and embelliſhed with ſome of the moſt beautiful flowers the ſeaſon afforded. The ſhelter which this aſylum yielded, determined them to ſtop there. They ſeated themſelves on the turf, and for a few moments remained ſilent. The beauty of the ſpot, the infinite number of birds ſinging round them, the murmur of a caſcade which appeared in perſpective, altogether recalled to their minds that paſſage in Milton, where the firſt couple, who were lords of the creation, lifted up their eyes at the ſame time, to contemplate the wonderful ſcenes around them, and were ſtruck with admiration at the very inſtant that their looks centered in each other. Lady Sarah began to recover her ſpirits, and her countenance ſeemed more compoſed. Her temper, which was naturally chearful, already diſpoſed her to blend an air of ſprightlineſs with the moſt tender ſenſibility, when ſhe perceived Edward immerſed in deep reflection. She was alarmed, and preſſed him to declare the ſubject of his thoughts. He declined it, ſighed, and intreated her not to give way to a curioſity, which he dared not gratify. While he was ſpeaking to her, he riveted his eyes upon her with the moſt paſſionate fondneſs, and, by his eager looks, expreſſed a deſire which he endeavoured to ſtifle. He ſeized her ſnowy hands, claſped them with ardour, and covered them with

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the moſt fervent kiſſes. The next moment he gently puſhed them from him, ſeemed to avoid their touch, kept himſelf at a diſtance, turned his face aſide, and ſeemed afraid leſt ſhe ſhould diſcover what paſſed within him.

Theſe ſtrange emotions redoubled Lady Sarah's inquietude. Ah, ſpeak to me! ſpeak to me, ſaid ſhe; have you any ſecrets with which you dare not entruſt me, any chagrin whoſe bitterneſs my heart refuſes to participate? Can you form any wiſhes with which I am not ready to concurr? Ah, ſpeak! This cruel ſilence makes me in my turn doubt of your affections.

Doubt! you, my dear Sally, ſaid Edward, can you doubt of my love! Ah, repeat it to me a hundred, nay a thouſand times! That your wiſhes are ready to concur with mine. Lady Sarah made the moſt ſolemn proteſtation; and ſhe gave him a warm atteſtation of the honour and veracity of the vow ſhe made. Edward, in a tranſport, fell at her feet, threw his arms around her, and after a tender embrace, with a faint and tremulous tone, he ſaid to her; Tomorrow we are to be married, you are to be given to me. I ſhall owe the happineſs of poſſeſſing you to the ſolemn act which paſſes at that moment, to a public ceremony, to the commands of your father, to the bounty of

my

my friend! Why ſhould I not this inſtant owe that exquiſite felicity to your own choice, to love, to our mutual deſires? The proof of your affection to day depends upon yourſelf. To-morrow it will be the indiſpenſable reſult of that vow of obedience which you will have pronounced at the foot of the altar. Ah, if you love me, partake of my ardour, crown my wiſhes; that I may be able to ſay, Sally, my dear Sally, beſtowed herſelf upon her lover.

What is it you dare to propoſe, ſaid Lady Alderſon, interrupting him? Is this to me? Is it to her, who is to pledge her faith to you to-morrow, that you preſume to expreſs ſuch offenſive deſires? When a ſacred engagement is at hand to fulfill all your hopes, would you. . . . I would do nothing, ſaid Edward gravely; I deſire, but I do not exact. I am raſh, confident and blameable no doubt, if you inſiſt on the honour of a contract, and oppoſe to my deſires the prejudices and cuſtoms of the world; cruel chains! whoſe galling links are forged by intereſt and policy. An emotion with which nature has inſpired every ſenſible being, a ſincere affection, an ardent deſire, a paſſion for freedom, theſe are my rights. Complacency, love, and benevolence, ſhould give them ſome influence over your heart. I have no reaſons to object againſt

againſt your refuſal; but I feel a moſt paſſionate propenſity to enjoy a bliſs for which I may be indebted to your free gift, and which may aſſure me that I am really the object of your preference. Yield, ſaid he, redoubling his careſſes, yield, my dear Sally; let kind conſent compleat my felicity, my everlaſting felicity. Ah, if I obtain this ineſtimable favour, I ſhall ever regard my wife as a tender and affectionate miſtreſs. I ſhall daily recall to mind with delight and gratitude, that ſhe made me happy of her own free will. I ſhall then conclude that love alone has given me poſſeſſion of your charms; never, no never, ſhall I recollect ſuch an amiable condeſcenſion without being affected; and if, in the courſe of our lives, any unforeſeen event ſhould interrupt our tender union, if I ſhould ever preſume to oppoſe the ſlighteſt of your wiſhes, awake my recollection with that proof of your eſteem and confidence, and that alone will make me fall at your feet, and yield to your deſires.

Ah, Madam, what language was this! A man who has the leaſt art, is maſter of the dangerous talent of ſeducing a mind endued with ſenſibility.

Lady Alderſon could only reply by her tear. The anger with which this propoſition

tion inſpired her, was ſoon converted into tender pity. She blamed the extravagance of her lover, but ſhe ſighed to find him entertain a deſire which ſhe ought not to gratify. Her prayers, her mild repreſentations, and ſome ſlight favours granted conditionally, only ſerved to inflame a paſſion which ſhe thought to moderate. She would have eſcaped from Edward's arms, or have kept him at a diſtance from her; he held her faſt, he ſubmitted to her will, he renounced his pretenſions, and only intreated forgiveneſs for his temerity. He required ſome proofs that his attempts were forgotten; every moment rendered forgiveneſs more neceſſary, and his advances leſs alarming. The loſt Lady Sarah cried out in vain, her agitation, her tears, her confuſion rendered her more inviting. Edward, tranſported by the violence of his paſſion, no longer heard or underſtood her; he raviſhed, or perhaps obtained that dear, that precious, that ineſtimable favour, ſo ardently deſired, ſolicited with ſo much indiſcretion, and refuſed with too little reſolution.

What tumultuous joy appeared in the eyes of the young Lord! What ſoft confuſion in thoſe of Lady Sarah! What tranſports! What promiſes, what oaths never to forget that flattering moment. What pleaſure might a woman enjoy, who has made

her lover happy by her compliance, what a ſubject for ſelf applauſe, to find herſelf the arbitreſs of his felicity, how delightful might that moment prove to her, if this agreeable deluſion was not attended with I know not what bitter reflection, whoſe pungency we feel, though we cannot expreſs. It proceeds, no doubt, from the violence we have preſumed to offer to our principles. The moment that we quit the paths of virtue, inquietude finds entrance into our minds; our firſt emotions inſpire us with regret for what has paſſed, and a dread of what is to come.

Three hours had paſſed with rapidity, when Lady Sarah reminded Edward, that perhaps they were waited for to ſign the articles, and ſhe preſſed him to return to Lord Revel. He wou'd not leave her, he led her by the hand, and conducted her to her apartment. As they were croſſing a gallery in their way thither, ſhe perceived a number of domeſticks in motion below, a carriage in the court yard with the horſes put to, and beheld with ſurprize that it was Lord Revel's coach. Preſently ſhe heard that nobleman's voice. He called to the ſervants, from a drawing room underneath the gallery, and enquired, with a tone of impatience, if they had not found Edward yet; commanding them

them to ſearch every where for him, and to bring him directly.

A ſudden terror ſeized Lady Allerſon. A melancholy preſage inclined her to turn her ſtreaming eyes towards her lover. Ah, What is it, that diſturbs him? ſaid ſhe; What has been the matter? Alas! If they ſhould part us!

Ah! What raiſes ſuch a dark foreboding in your mind? ſaid Edward. Nothing now can divide us. How! Does the moment which confers felicity on me, draw tears from you? What do you fear? I ſwear to love, to adore, to reſpect my dear Sally for ever; to devote my life in teſtifying my gratitude and tenderneſs to her. Before her feet I call to witneſs every thing that is held ſacred. Lady Sarah, giving way to her tears, interrupted him, intreated him to go down, and to learn what occaſioned the Earl to aſk for him with ſuch impatience, and to aſk for him only. Edward went a few ſteps from her, then returned to her again, preſſed her in his arms, and could not leave her. He ſaid every thing which he thought likely to remove her apprehenſions; but his ſpeeches, his proteſtations, his careſſes, nothing could calm the perturbation of her mind. Lady Sarah no longer felt within herſelf that placid ſecurity, which is the attendant on happy in-

nocence; trouble and inquietude had already ſhed their deadly poiſons in her boſom.

The moments which they had lately ſacrificed to love, were the laſt of their felicity. Lord Alderſon, inflated with that vanity which extends its views even beyond the grave, and creates a deſire of perpetuating a name, which our heirs frequently diſhonour, had intended that Lady Sarah ſhould revive the branches of Rivers and Alderſon, which were both to be re-united in her. The fancy he afterwards took to Edward, the grandeur and antiquity of the Saliſbury family, flattered him and made him abandon his intention of beſtowing Lady Sarah on his ſiſter's ſon; but Lord Revel's tedious illneſs left him at leiſure to entertain new ideas, and brought into his mind the deſign of obliging Lady Sarah's huſband to bear the name of Alderſon.

The ſituation in which the Duke of Saliſbury's ſon ſtood, made Lord Alderſon conclude that he ought not to conſider himſelf above the rank of a common gentleman. As he intirely depended on the friendſhip of the Earl of Revel, being as yet uncertain of being reſtored to the rank of his anceſtors, having little aſſurance that the king would allow him to bear his titles, he conceived that he might think himſelf happy in receiving one

one from the hand of Lady Sarah. Beſides his affection for her was a ſecurity for his compliance; therefore, without condeſcending to impart his propoſals to him, Lord Alderſon thought nothing more was neceſſary than to obtain the Earl's conſent. He did not imagine that he ſhould find the leaſt difficulty on his part; and under this confidence, he opened his intentions to him: But while he flattered himſelf that they would meet with his ready approbation, he did not conſider how much Lord Revel was attached to the memory of an unfortunate friend.

This nobleman had made it the object of his ambition to reſtore a family, of which the chief was ſtill dear to his remembrance. As a reward for the long and faithful ſervices he had with ſo much zeal rendered to his country, he wiſhed, he required no other return than the re-eſtabliſhment of Edward; this, for twenty years paſt, had been the only object of his care, his purſuits, his wiſhes, perhaps even of his vanity, if we may nevertheleſs, without injuſtice, give ſuch an appellation to the generous emotions of a mind true to friendſhip, whoſe pride turns to the advantage of humanity, and is delighted in being the inſtrument of happineſs to others.

Nothing could equal the Earl's ſurprize at hearing Lord Alderſon's propoſal. It was with regret that he conſented to Edward's courtſhip. He now repented his compliance. Lord Alderſon's propoſition diſguſted him; but without diſcovering how much he was ſhocked at it, he endeavoured by mild perſuaſions to bring him back to their original plan, and engage to ſign the articles which had been prepared three months before.

He repreſented to him that it would be an indelible ſtain on Edward's reputation, to renounce the name of an unfortunate father; that by ſuch a ſtep he would ſeem to ſide with the enemies of his family, and to applaud the deadly ſentence which was executed on the late Duke; that he would cruelly deprive his relations, then diſperſed over the world, of all hopes of ever returning to their country, to which he alone could open them a paſſage. He produced letters which aſſured him of a happy iſſue from his ſolicitations to the King. They promiſed that at the end of the approaching campaign, Edward ſhould be re-eſtabliſhed at Court in all the ſplendor of one of the antient peers of the realm, that he ſhould be reſtored to his eſtate, that he ſhould re-unite all the titles of his family in his own perſon, and that he might in time hope for the offices and employments which his father enjoyed.

Theſe

Theſe favourable tidings, theſe brilliant aſſurances did not alter Lord Alderſon's reſolution. He had ſucceeded too ill at court to have any fondneſs for it, and he did not think that military honours were a reaſonable compenſation for the dangers to which they expoſed themſelves who were ambitious of obtaining them. Therefore, ſo far from yielding to reaſons, which appeared to him to be frivolous, his reply manifeſted that his deſigns were abſolutely incompatible with the Earl's views. He not only perſiſted in obliging Edward to bear his name, but he required further, that, contenting himſelf with Lady Sarah's fortune and Lord Revel's benefactions, he ſhould quit the ſervice, and reject all the favours of the court.

Theſe points were diſcuſſed a long while, without Lord Alderſon's receding a jot. His daughter and his fortune were to be purchaſed at no other rate. He expreſſed himſelf with ſo much haughtineſs, he ſhewed himſelf ſo determined to break all meaſures if his will was not complied with; he affected to confer ſuch uncommon favours upon Edward, that the Earl at length, tired with ſuch a prepoſterous arrogance, gave way to his reſentment.

If he whom I have adopted, ſaid he, whoſe ſentiments I have formed by my in-

ſtructions, ſhould ſo ill anſwer my expectations, if he ſhould have the meanneſs to accept of your alliance on ſuch baſe conditions, he ſhould never inherit my fortune. It is for the Duke of Saliſbury's heir, it is for my friend's ſon, that I have allotted my poſſeſſions. As I have educated him to do honour to the illuſtrious family of my friend, I ſhould have reſolution enough to abandon him, ſhould he dare to diſgrace that family by ſuch a mean compliance. What! Renounce his father's name! Deſert the ſervice! And at ſuch a time! When the war which is juſt kindled calls upon him to join the generous and brave defenders of his country! If the love with which Lady Sarah has inſpired him, was capable, in his eſtimation, of counterbalancing ſuch ſacred duties, I ſhould deſpiſe him: yes, he continued, ſtarting with impetuoſity from his ſeat, I ſhould deſpiſe him, and his welfare would no longer concern me.

This diſcourſe raiſed a terrible emotion in Lord Alderſon's mind, but he ſtrove to ſuppreſs it's violence, and reſuming the converſation with a coolneſs which is more inſulting than the ſudden ſtarts of anger: I ſhould not have expected, ſaid he, ever to have been told, that my alliance, notwithſtanding the price at which I have ſet it, could ever diſhonour any one. You have not thoroughly

roughly conſidered what you have juſt now ſaid, my Lord, at leaſt I ſuppoſe ſo. But if Edward agrees to my propoſals, are you determined to withdraw your friendſhip from him, to withold your kind offices, and even to *deſpiſe him?* Yes, ſaid the Earl, with a reſolute tone; if you have already prepoſſeſſed him, if he ſubmits to your propoſals, he has loſt a father in me, and I am henceforth a ſtranger to him.

What you have ſaid is ſufficient, replied Lord Alderſon. Edward knows nothing of the matter, and you may continue your kindneſs to him. You have opened my eyes, and I am obliged to you for giving me an opportunity to diſcover the fault I was going to commit. As he ſaid theſe words, he went out of his cloſet, and paſſing into the drawing room where the notaries were waiting, he took the ſettlement out of the hands of the perſon who was preparing it, and tearing it in a rage: I ſwear, ſaid he, that Lady Alderſon ſhall never be Dutcheſs of Saliſbury; and, addreſſing himſelf to Lord Revel, he added, She ſhall neither bear the name nor title of that vile conſpirator.

He had not finiſhed his ſpeech before the Earl, inflamed with paſſion, advanced towards him with ſuch a fierce and menacing air, that the two notaries thought proper to in-

terpoſe between him and Lord Alderſon. The latter ſurprized, and perhaps uneaſy at the incident, immediately quitted the room, ſaying as he went out: My Lord, every thing is broke off; I hope you will allow me to take my leave of you.

The Earl would have been little diſturbed at this rupture, but for the grief with which, he preſumed, it would pierce poor Edward's heart. How could he acquaint him with ſuch an unexpected event! How could he deſire him to abandon his dear Sally, to renounce his love, and forego the hope of a felicity ſo near at hand, and with which his eager deſires had been ſo long flattered! How ſhould he tear him from that ſpot, and check the firſt emotions of an enamoured mind. Theſe ſenſations were to be dreaded in a man of Edward's age. Love might triumph over every duty which he owed to honour, to his father, and to himſelf. They had been in ſearch of him to no purpoſe for two hours. The miſtake of one of the ſervants who imagined he had ſeen him in the park, occaſioned thoſe who went in purſuit of him, to ſhape their courſe towards the ſide oppoſite to that, whither he had retired with Lady Sarah.

While they were getting every thing ready for his departure, Lord Revel walked with

with haſty ſteps up and down the drawing room, where the quarrel aroſe. He ruminated with vaſt concern on the means of withdrawing the young Lord from that favourite ſpot, before he acquainted him with the fatal accident. Uneaſy and perplexed, his imagination had ſuggeſted no expedient by the time that Edward, having quitted Lady Sarah's apartment, preſented himſelf before him. The ſurprize he expreſſed at finding him alone, redoubled the Earl's perplexity. Lady Sarah's anxiety now found a paſſage into her lover's heart. Till that moment, he thought that they had waited for him, and ſent to him to ſign the aſſurance of his future felicity. The air of Lord Revel's countenance chilled him; he began to dread an explanation; and caſting mournful looks around him, he had not the courage to break this awful ſilence.

Lord Revel obſerving his conſternation, ſeized the opportunity; he advanced towards him, took him by the hand; and leading him out of the drawing room: A whim, ſaid he, of Lord Alderſon's, indeed a want of foreſight on my part, obliges me to go immediately to Werſteney. I have occaſion for you; the buſineſs which carries me thither concerns you; it is of an urgent nature; I cannot ſtay, come away. As he uttered theſe words, he led him towards the

coach. Edward, who had been accuſtomed to obey him, being quite ſhocked, and in that ſtate of ſtupefaction which is occaſioned by aſtoniſhment, and the expectation of ſome diſaſtrous news, placed himſelf without any reſiſtance by the ſide of the Earl. The coach at that inſtant ſet off, and drove away with rapidity.

Lady Alderſon, who was in the utmoſt impatience and agitation, had not power to quit the gallery, where ſhe waited the return of Edward. What did ſhe feel, when ſhe ſaw him leave the houſe, get into the coach with the Earl, and take the road to Werſteney? Her looks followed the carriage ſo long as ſhe could perceive it. When ſhe could diſcern it no longer, ſhe remained motionleſs on the balcony which ſupported her. What could have happened in ſo ſhort a time? Whither was Edward gone? Did he fly from her? Did they force him from her? Her mind was racked with uncertainty. One of her women had over-heard the two Lords in high debate. From her, Lady Sarah learned that Lord Alderſon going out ſuddenly from the room where he had left the Earl, and calling haſtily for his horſes, had directed his ſervants to go to the Earl of Lenox, with whom, according to the orders he left with his domeſticks, he propoſed to ſtay for ſeveral days.

On

On hearing this, Lady Sarah gave a violent ſhriek. Scarce able to reach her apartment, ſhe no ſooner entered than ſhe threw herſelf on a couch; and covering her face, as if ſhe meant to hide all nature from her ſight, ſhe remained in that ſtate of inſenſibility, occaſioned by an exceſs of grief which is felt with too much pungency to be expreſſed. Her women, anxious to aſſiſt her, could not bring her to herſelf; the paleneſs of death had already effaced all the bloom of her complexion. They put her to bed, without her oppoſition or conſent. She remained in that ſtate, compoſed to all appearance, till nine in the evening. At that time Lidy, the youngeſt of her waiting women, brought her a letter. It came from Edward. That name, and the ſight of his hand writing, rouzed her ſenſes which were ſtupified by her grievous oppreſſion of mind. Her tears began to flow, and to aſſwage thoſe inward emotions which agitated her frame. She opened the letter with trembling hands, and found the following contents:

Lord EDWARD'S *Letter to Lady* ALDERSON.

'O, My dear, my dear Sally, how muſt
'your mind be afflicted! Mine is
'pierced with a deadly ſhaft. How! Se-

 'parated!

'parated! What! Have they forced me, 'inveigled me, torn me from your ſide! 'What a dreadful reverſe of fortune! Can 'I live and reflect! . . . My deſpair, my 'tears will not allow me to write . . . 'What have I done, wretch that I am! I 'have lodged regret in your boſom! I have 'dared . . . Ah, I hoped . . . My heart 'is rent. Detained here by force, narrow-'ly watched and made a cloſe priſoner, I 'cannot even come and ſigh at your feet. 'O, my miſtreſs, my wife, my friend! O, 'thou whom I adore! do not doubt thy 'huſband's conſtancy, do not doubt thoſe 'ſentiments which attach him to thee for 'ever. No, nothing ſhall ever break aſun-'der thoſe dear and ſacred ties which unite 'our hearts. Sally, you are mine, I am 'yours. I will be yours; I care not at what 'price I purchaſe my felicity! I will ſubmit 'to all the conditions . . . But Lord Re-'vel . . . Your father . . . I am ready to 'expire.'

Theſe lines, which were penned with difficulty, and in which the eye could ſcarce diſcover ſeveral traces that had been waſhed away with tears, made a dreadful impreſſion on Lady Sarah's mind. She wept bitterly, and was preparing to write, when a ſecond letter was brought to her from Edward.

Lord

Lord EDWARD *to Lady* ALDERSON.

'I Am agitated by a cruel impatience. I 'wait your anſwer with trembling expec- 'tation. I dread it, yet I wiſh for it with 'eagerneſs. Alas, what can it inform me? 'That you are afflicted with a grief equal to 'my own; you ſhed tears. But, my dear 'Sally, do they all flow from the fountain 'of love? Perhaps . . . . O mortifying 'reflection! Ah, if the leaſt regret ſhould 'mingle with your tears! If you ſhould 'doubt . . . No, you will not wrong your 'lover by injurious ſuſpicions. Ah, who 'could have foreſeen . . . Who would 'have ſaid, imagined . . . What, ſhall to- 'morrow come, and I not ſee you! Shall the 'hours roll on, and that which ſhould have 'united us paſs by . . . Ah, Sally! It will 'paſs, and I ſhall be at a diſtance from you. '. . . O the fatal prejudices of mankind! 'It is vanity then, pride, and frivolous con- 'ſiderations which tear me from you. What 'do the trivial advantages of fortune, the 'favour of the court, the name of Saliſ- 'bury, my commiſſion, my rank, the ti- 'tles of my anceſtors avail me! Ah, let 'them give me my dear Sally; her heart, 'her hand, are all that my ambition aſpires 'to. Heavenly powers, grant my wiſhes!

'Unite

'Unite me to her who is ſo dear to my af-
'fections, and all my deſires will be fulfil-
'ed! O my lovely friend! ſend me ſome
'comfort; my mind is agitated by dreadful
'emotions. Do not deſpiſe me, do not
'hate me: Ah, I adore thee! Haſte to
'tell me, and to repeat it, that you love
'me, and that you will never ceaſe to love
'me.'

After having bathed theſe two letters with her tears, Lady Sarah forced herſelf to return an anſwer: She penned the following note:

Lady SARAH ALDERSON *to Lord* EDWARD.

'IGnorant as I am of the motives of your
'departure, I do not know whether I
'ſhould complain of you, or only accuſe
'myſelf for the moſt pungent of all my
'misfortunes. Preſerve your life; for on
'that my life and honour depend. I do
'not hate you; Ah, how ſhould I hate you,
'you, whom my heart has been ſo long ac-
'cuſtomed to love! Do not fear my re-
'proaches; but bear with my exceſs of
'grief. Ah, my Lord, happy as we were
'yeſterday, ſo worthy to be reſpected, to
'be pitied, to day guilty, degraded in our
'own eyes; have we not merited our miſ-
'fortunes?

'fortunes? There is no longer any hope 'of union between us; I know my father 'too well to expect it. If he imagines 'himself offended, he has broken off irre-'vocably. . . . Ah, how can I bear that 'idea, joined to the recollection. . . . Un-'fortunate temerity! Fatal indiscretion! 'But what does fruitless regret avail: Fare-'well, I love you, I shall love while I live. 'Remember your promises, and live to 'fulfill them.'

Lady Alderson passed the rest of the night in reading Edward's letters again and again, in weeping and in sighing over them. In the morning she found herself extremely ill; her continual faintings made them apprehensive that she would expire every moment.

They sent away immediately to apprize my Lord of the danger his daughter was in. He returned, and found her attacked with a raging fever, of which all the symptoms were alarming. Her tears, her deep sighs indicated the oppression of her mind, and manifestly discovered the cause of her disorder. But Lord Alderson was so far from being moved by her deplorable condition, that he was enraged against her; he could not forgive her the weakness of feeling such pungent grief for the loss of Edward. He looked at her with a stern countenance, and never

never ſpoke to her but to reproach her for her weakneſs; and inſtead of uſing mild and gentle means to compoſe her ſpirits, and to aſſwage thoſe pains which he alone had occaſioned, he contented himſelf with procuring the aſſiſtance of an art, from whence the mind never derives any comfort.

The cruelty of this behaviour aggravated Lady Sarah's diſtreſs. She ſaw too plainly that ſhe had nothing to expect from ſuch an inhuman father; and this melancholy certainty in a few days brought her to the brink of the grave.

Lord Revel not being able to obtain an abſolute promiſe from Edward that he would never go to Lord Alderſon's ſeat, and being apprehenſive leſt ſuch a violent paſſion ſhould prompt him to ſome raſh enterprize, he cauſed him to be narrowly watched at Werſteney.

They concealed Lady Sarah's illneſs from him, but it was impoſſible for him to be a ſtranger to it long. As he had the liberty of writing and ſending letters, he paſſed the whole day in conjuring Lady Alderſon in the moſt affecting terms, to throw herſelf intirely on his fidelity, and to conſent to marry him in private. The time of his departure was at hand; he was deſirous to bear the

the name of her huſband, and to carry with him the aſſurance of being the object of her conſtant affections. He formed all thoſe pleaſing and chimerical projects, which are the offspring of love and imagination, and of which our wiſhes can ſuppoſe the poſſibility.

Young Lidy received theſe letters, but could not deliver them to her miſtreſs, who was too weak to read them, and whoſe apartment was filled with her women, and other perſons whom her illneſs made neceſſary about her. Edward's ſervants returned every hour without any anſwer, and having exhauſted every kind of excuſe, were at length obliged to acquaint him with Lady Sarah's melancholy ſituation.

The knowledge of her illneſs, and the dread leſt it ſhould prove fatal, joined to the extreme inquietude he felt before, plunged him into deep deſpair. His imagination, ſtruck with a thouſand horrid ideas, threw him into a kind of frenzy, which deprived him of his reaſon. It was neceſſary to watch his motions carefully, in order to preſerve him from the effects of his own fury. He demanded his Sally, he called upon her, he wept, he ſighed, he accuſed himſelf of having violated the moſt ſacred duties towards her: He fancied that he beheld her expiring,

ing, reproaching him with her death, or inviting him to follow her. Then he gave violent ſhouts, and ſtrove to eſcape from thoſe who confined him; he was determined to die, and die at Lady Sarah's feet.

Lord Revel, ever aſſiduous about him, and deeply affected with his condition, bore with patience and gentleneſs, the moving and ſometimes bitter complaints which he directed to him. He tried every means to comfort him, he ſympathized with him in his affliction; and when he found him ſomewhat compoſed, he urged every argument, which he thought likely to infuſe hope into his ſoul. But his compoſure was but momentary. He ſoon began to weep, and ſigh again. The Earl had the mortification to find him relapſe into a deprivation of reaſon, of which the conſequences made him tremble. Edward was to have joined the army towards the latter end of the month, and ten days of that month were elapſed, before he diſcovered any ſymptons of his recovery.

In the mean time, Lady Sarah's fever having abated and become remitting, ſhe appeared, during thoſe intervals, ſomewhat compoſed. Lidy ſeized one of thoſe intervals to deliver her Edward's letters. As he had written ſeveral ſince he thought her in an

an expiring condition, Lady Alderſon diſcovered the diſtreſs of his mind, and the diſorder of his reaſon, by the wildneſs of his expreſſions. She was moved with tenderneſs, and alarmed with fear; ſhe made haſte to write to him, and remove his apprehenſions.

Her note, which was diligently conveyed to Werſteney, having given Edward aſſurance that her precious life was not in danger, it removed the cauſe of his perturbation. He reſigned himſelf to Lord Revel's care; his reaſon returned. The hope of ſeeing his Sally again, the deſire of enjoying her company, the certainty of being loved by her, all contributed to recruit his ſtrength, and reſtore him to himſelf.

Lord Edward had but juſt recovered from this cruel ſituation, when he received orders to repair to the camp. He expected to have ſtaid at leaſt twelve days longer. That time he judged ſufficient for the execution of his moſt favourite ſcheme. He was now obliged to poſtpone it till his return. What a new ſource of affliction to pierce his heart! To go away, to remove at a diſtance from his Sally, from Sally ſick, languiſhing and afflicted! To leave her in the power of an abſolute, capricious and imperious father. Might not he force her to receive the addreſſes

dreſſes of ſome other; might not he engage her in ſpite of her inclinations? Would ſhe dare to oppoſe his will, which ſhe had been always accuſtomed to reſpect? Then to depart without ſeeing her, without reading in her eyes that he ſtill was dear to her, without hearing her pronounce the flattering aſſurance of her being his for ever, and of preſerving her affection and fidelity to him; theſe reflections gave Edward ineffable inquietude. The day before his departure, he ſent her his picture, accompanied by the following letter.

Lord EDWARD'S *Letter to Lady* ALDERSON.

'I Am going, my dear Sally; alas, I am going. With what regret do I tear myſelf from the place of your reſidence. What an immenſe ſpace will ſhortly divide us, and at what a time does my cruel duty force me to withdraw from you. May my image ever be preſent in your mind; this picture will conſtantly preſent to you the features of your lover, your huſband, the man who loves you, who reſpects you, and whoſe only hope of felicity is from you. O Lady Sarah be careful of yourſelf; preſerve for my ſake, the lovely companion of my future days. The attention

'tention which you pay to your own wel-
'fare will be the ſtrongeſt proof of your
'kindneſs towards the wretch who adores
'you.

'I dare flatter myſelf that you love me;
'I rely on your promiſes, and nevertheleſs
'I depart with inexpreſſible uneaſineſs. In
'theſe melancholy moments, I fancy that I
'am deprived of all my hopes. Ah, if
'your father ſhould force you from me; if
'any other ſhould obtain you from him; if
'I ſhould never behold you more! . . . .
'Give ſome comfort to a mind alarmed and
'diſmayed; promiſe me, ſwear to me that
'you will ever love me, that you will reſiſt
'every effort which may be uſed to tear you
'from your unfortunate lover. Condeſcend,
'my dear Sally, condeſcend to bind your-
'ſelf by freſh proteſtations. I have no-
'thing to apprehend from your inconſtan-
'cy; I only dread that ſubmiſſion, that re-
'ſpect you owe a father. . . . Ah, let me
'at leaſt depart with the pleaſing certainty
'of finding you free at my return! But can
'you now be called free? Is not your faith
'pledged to me? All my hopes are in
'your fortitude of mind, in the change
'which time produces, and in Lord Revel's
'friendſhip. . . . Alas, I hope, and yet I
'am ready to expire with grief on the
'thoughts of quitting you. O Sally! O

'my

'my affectionate friend! Do I leave you then, 'and without ſeeing you! Without being 'able to come near you; for which I have 'made every effort in vain. Your letters 'now will be my only pleaſure, my only 'comfort; one line from you will be all 'the joy I expect. Do not forget me. . . 'Ah, if you could read my heart, if you 'could feel. . . . Adieu. This paper, be-'dewed with my tears, will tell you more 'than I can ſpeak. Adieu, adieu, my dear, 'my lovely Sally; love me, aſſure me that 'you do, and repeat it to me from day to 'day.'

Lady Alderſon being reſolved to follow Edward's fortune, was likewiſe determined to reſiſt her father's will. He impatiently waited her recovery, in order to diſpoſe of her. He ſwore that he would diſinherit her if ſhe inſiſted on her former engagements in oppoſition to his preſent commands; but the reparation which ſhe owed to her own honour, far outweighed every trifling conſideration which might obſtruct her ſcheme of marrying Edward. His inquietude affected her, without offending her; and being deſirous to calm his perturbation of mind, ſhe returned him the following anſwer.

Lady ALDERSON *to Lord* EDWARD.

'IS it neceſſary to give you a re-aſſur-
'ance of my affection, by ſolemn pro-
'teſtations? Ah, my dear Edward, the
'perfidious do not ſcruple oaths. Are you
'at liberty to entertain a doubt? How is
'it poſſible for me to renounce one who
'has acquired ſuch aſcendency over my af-
'fections, and has proved himſelf ſo wor-
'thy of my attachment? Edward, my
'dear Edward, we have ventured to ſeal
'our fate; let us dare to make it as happy
'as we may, by mutually reſigning ourſelves
'with that confidence, with which each of
'us may juſtly inſpire the other. The for-
'tune, of which my father threatens loudly
'to deprive me, if I beſtow myſelf on you,
'is in my eſtimation a trivial ſacrifice: With
'what joy ſhall I give up all ſuch intereſted
'views, in order to prove my affection for
'you. On quitting the altar, where I ſhall
'have received the pledge of your fidelity,
'an humble retreat where I may behold my
'Edward, where I may look ſecurely and
'ſtedfaſtly upon him, will be more agree-
'able and chearful to my ſight, than this
'magnificent abode, where I do not ſee
'him, and where I am certain not to ſee
'him. Alas! we often lamented Lord
'Revel's

'Revel's tedious indiſpoſition. Good God! 'that that time would but return. We com- 'plained, and yet we were together. My 'weak condition will not allow me to write 'any more; do not torment yourſelf; my 'fever decreaſes; its returns are of ſhort du- 'ration: They give me aſſurance of a ſpeedy 'recovery. Go, my dear friend, go, ſince 'your duty calls you. My affection will 'count every moment of your abſence; my 'good wiſhes will attend you wherever you 'go, and every day will furniſh you with 'ſome proofs of my recollection and tender- 'neſs. Adieu.'

Edward could not find himſelf on the point of leaving Lord Revel, without teſtifying the ſtrongeſt marks of tenderneſs. His careſſes made an impreſſion on a mind of ſuch ſenſibility as the Earl's. He talked with him concerning the conduct he ſhould obſerve in the camp: He magnified the honours which awaited him at the end of the campaign, his re-eſtabliſhment at court being fixed beyond doubt. Edward, at that inſtant, being little flattered by the proſpect of royal favour, but ſtrongly affected by the marks of Lord Revel's friendſhip, could not forbear ſhedding tears; and embracing that generous friend: O my father, ſaid he, muſt your kindneſs be ineffectual? Ever ſince I have drawn breath, you have vouchſafed to intereſt yourſelf in my

my welfare; I am indebted to you for every thing. Shall I dare to confeſs the truth? So many ſingular favours cannot yet make me happy. Excuſe my giving utterance to ſentiments which may probably make me appear ungrateful. Ah, I am by no means ſo, nor ever ſhall be. But having loſt the hope of living for Lady Sarah, of obtaining Lady Sarah's hand, I have loſt that which gives a reliſh to every other bleſſing. What are grandeur, riches, and empty titles? Greedy ambition is eager in purſuit of them, pride enjoys them, and the heart is diſguſted with them. Can the empire of the whole univerſe equal one of thoſe delicate and refined pleaſures which I regret!

But, replied the Earl, would you have accepted Lady Alderſon's hand, at the ſcandalous price at which it was offered? Would you have trampled on your father's aſhes, and have treated all your anceſtors with contempt? Would you have deſerted your country, which calls for your aſſiſtance? I know not what I could do, ſaid Edward, but I know that I cannot live without Lady Sarah. I entertain ſuch a ſincere eſteem for Lady Alderſon, continued Lord Revel, that I have laboured to obtain her for you. My endeavours have not ſucceeded; but I have employed a friend to intercede with her father, without ſeeming to intereſt himſelf in

the affair: Lord Carlington has propoſed accommodations: I was diſpoſed to make great conceſſions to reſcue you from the danger in which I ſaw you, and to gain you a wife, who was worthy of you: But neither the condition you was in, though deſcribed in the moſt moving terms, nor the dangerous ſtate in which he beheld his daughter, nor the offer of making your firſt ſon by Lady Sarah to bear his name, nothing was capable of reducing his haughty ſpirit to compliance. He even intimated that it would now be in vain for us to ſubmit to the conditions he propoſed before; never, with his conſent, ſhall his daughter be yours.

Never be mine! ſaid Edward. What if ſhe was to renounce every thing, to beſtow herſelf on the man ſhe loves; if ſhe was to ſacrifice to her affection the eſtate which ought to be her inheritance; if her heart, as tender and affectionate as mine, ſhould place all her felicity in her conſtancy to me; if I ſhould be dearer to her than her worldly fortune; if ſhe ſhould conſent to pledge her faith, if . . . I underſtand you, ſaid the Earl interrupting him, and will explain myſelf without reſerve: Reſt aſſured, my dear Edward, that your happineſs is the firſt object of my wiſhes: I will never attempt to procure it at the expence of honour; but do not fear that I will ever thwart your in-

inclinations, when they induce you to form ſuch engagements as will not tarniſh your glory. If Lady Alderſon preſerves her affection towards you, if diſtance does not extinguiſh the tender paſſion with which your hearts are mutually inſpired, I ſhall with pleaſure behold an union ſo fondly and ardently deſired. By making a ſacrifice of her fortune, Lady Sarah will appear to me ſtill more worthy of your friendſhip and attachment.

Ah, I only waited for that kind conſent, ſaid Edward; in this inſtance, my Lord, you fill the meaſure of your favours: This laſt kindneſs inhances the value of thoſe I have already received from your hands. O my much reſpected father! You have diffuſed peace and comfort round my mind. The ſecret I kept from you with regard to my reſolutions, was a weight upon my ſpirits. I now depart contented, and will endeavour to merit the appellation of your ſon by my future conduct.

After having given vent to the tranſports of his gratitude, and embraced his generous protector a thouſand times, he quitted him in order to write to Lady Alderſon, and acquaint her with Lord Revel's favourable diſpoſition. He then ſet out with Sir Humphrey, and two Valet de Chambres, his equi-

page having been ſent away ſome time before. Sir Humphrey was a young gentleman whoſe fortune was not equal to his birth. Lord Revel had formed an attachment between him and Edward from their infancy; he had accompanied him in his travels. Edward loved him, made him his confident; and the preſent ſtate of his mind made the ſociety of a friend, to whom he could unboſom himſelf without reſerve, more than commonly dear to him.

After two months illneſs, Lady Alderſon found her fever gone off; but ſhe was ſo reduced, that her weakneſs obliged her to keep her room for a long time. Her father treated her with great indifference. Her ſickneſs convinced him how dearly ſhe loved Edward; he was piqued to find that he could not baniſh an affection from his daughter's mind, to which his own commands had given birth, and which, he imagined, ought to be ſuppreſſed the moment it became diſagreeable to him. He paſſed whole weeks without ſeeing her, and when he honoured her with a viſit, it was only to reproach her with acrimony for the ſentiments ſhe entertained, and the dejection into which they caſt her.

Nevertheleſs the breaking off of this match ſerved to revive the hopes of every one who had any pretenſions to her. The Earl of Lenox

Lenox finding Lord Alderſon obſtinately determined not to reſume his former intentions, made him an offer of his ſon, upon the ſame conditions he had propoſed to Lord Revel. The pleaſure of giving Edward uneaſineſs, made this propoſition agreeable to Lord Alderſon; he paſſed his word, and fixed his daughter's perfect recovery as the time when the union was to take place. In the mean time, he admitted the viſits of her new intended huſband, and gave her intimation through the means of his chaplain, that ſhe muſt prepare herſelf to receive the addreſſes of Sir Arthur Lenox.

This command was a freſh cauſe of affliction to Lady Sarah. Her ſcheme was to paſs the time of Edward's abſence, at her father's ſeat. The importunities of young Lenox would probably make her abode there troubleſome, would oblige her to precipitate her flight, and put her under difficulties to procure a convenient retreat. In grateful conſideration of Lord Revel's kindneſs, of the conſent which he gave to her future nuptials with Edward, ſhe would not expoſe him to any diſagreeable incidents, by putting herſelf openly under his protection. She regretted that it was not in her power to give her hand to her lover before his departure. He conſtantly engroſſed her attention, ſhe read the letters ſhe received from him every minute,

ſhe wrote to him every day, and a thouſand new inquietudes added to her other diſtreſſes made her paſs many melancholy moments. Nevertheleſs the reiterated proofs ſhe received of Edward's tenderneſs, of his lively and ardent affection, which time ſeemed to animate and heighten, often ſerved to aſſwage her ſorrows; theſe reflections ſometimes made her hope for more happy days hereafter; and devoting herſelf intirely to love, to the pleaſure of inſpiring it, to the delight of feeling it reciprocally, to the idea that ſhe ſhould one time make Edward happy, ſhe found her boſom warmed with ſome rays of hope that ſhe ſhould yet be happy herſelf.

Near four months had elapſed ſince Edward's departure, when Lady Alderſon found herſelf well enough to venture out of her apartment. She went down with Lidy to take a turn in the gardens. Her ſteps accidentally led her towards the grove where her indiſcreet affection had bewildered her reaſon. She ſtarted when ſhe beheld it, and caſting down her eyes which were guſhing with tears, ſhe ſighed and reflected how greatly her condition was altered ſince the fatal day on which ſhe entered there with Edward. Struck at the ſight of this ſpot, ſhe withdrew from it, and continued her walk in a melancholy mood. Every walk, every turning in that garden, called the moſt intereſting recol-

lections

lections to her mind. She continued her walk till the close of the evening, and finding herself fatigued, she shaped her course towards her apartment with slow measured steps.

Whether the exercise she had used, brought nature to a crisis, or whether Nature herself destined that instant to give the first motion to a creature whose existence was till then unknown; Lady Sarah felt an uncommon agitation within her. She did not immediately discover the cause, but collecting several circumstances which were attributed to her illness, and were sufficient to confirm the suspicion she began to entertain, she at length became sensible of a misfortune, of which till then she had not even formed an idea. A sentiment compounded of fear, shame and perturbation, shocked and overwhelmed her, yet at the same time made her interest herself warmly in behalf of the object who occasioned this new sensation. Attached to Edward more firmly than ever, by the discovery of her condition, she boldly formed a resolution to consider him as the only one in the universe on whom she had any dependence. The duties which weighed against this resolution gave place to the most pressing and indispensable obligations; therefore from that moment, she got every thing ready to leave the seat at Alderson.

Being under a neceſſity of diſcloſing her ſituation to one of her women, Lidy's youth and ſincere attachment won her confidence. This young girl had a ſiſter who was ſettled in London. She wrote to her, by the direction of her miſtreſs, and deſired her to hire a handſome and convenient apartment in a retired part of the town, in the name of Mrs. Hervey, a young lady lately married, whoſe huſband was in the army, and whoſe reſtleſs affection led her to the capital, that ſhe might be within reach of having daily intelligence from him.

This commiſſion being punctually executed, Lidy by little and little got together whatever Lady Alderſon propoſed to take. She depoſited every thing with a farmer's wife on whom ſhe could depend; there ſhe filled her coffers, and ſent them to London according to her ſiſter's directions. By means of that ſame farmer's wife, ſhe ſecured a chaiſe, with two horſes and a poſtillion to carry them the firſt poſt. Lady Albury, a relation of Lord Alderſon's, had been there for three months upon a viſit; ſhe was going away, and propoſed to croſs the ſea to Montpelier, where ſhe hoped to find relief againſt a languiſhing diſorder, which had brought her into a decline. Lady Sarah fixed for her departure the ſame morning that Lady Albury was to ſet out, that it might be thought her inten-

intention was only to accompany her; and that her father, if he ſhould go in purſuit of her, might be puzzled which road to take.

On the day preceding that which proved ſo fatal to the two lovers hopes, Lord Alderſon had made his daughter a preſent of a rich caſket, containing her mother's jewels, a number of golden trinkets, and two thouſand guineas, half of which ſhe was to diſtribute the next day after her nuptials. Lidy was preparing to pack up theſe valuable effects when her miſtreſs ſtopped her. It does not become one, ſaid ſhe to her, who is ſo unhappy as to be obliged to fly from her father's houſe, to conſider thoſe preſents as her property, which were certainly never given with a view to aſſiſt her in taking ſuch an unbecoming ſtep. None of theſe things belong to me, and I have no right over theſe effects, which I have deſervedly forfeited. Theſe ſentiments confounded Lidy; ſhe had already remitted the money to London, but was afraid to confeſs it. Lady Alderſon collected what ſhe had ſaved out of the yearly income allowed her for her maintenance and pocket money. She made up about five hundred pounds ſterling, and about three times that ſum in jewels which ſhe wore in common. This was all which ſhe could perſuade herſelf to take from a houſe where ſhe left the hope of an immenſe fortune.

When ſhe was ready to depart, the reflection that ſhe might probably never behold her father again, gave her extreme inquietude. She had never, for her part, experienced that tender indulgence, and thoſe affectionate careſſes, which change the reſpect that education impoſes, and habit maintains, into a lively and grateful friendſhip, into a ſettled partiality; a ſentiment which nature does not always inſpire. The kindneſs of our parents foſters it in our boſoms, and daily adds to the vigour of its growth. Lord Alderſon's haughty diſpoſition would not allow him to give way to emotions which he conſidered as marks of weakneſs, and of which he had never experienced the delights.

Lady Sarah wrote to him with a trembling hand, in the moſt ſubmiſſive and tender terms; ſhe implored his pity for an unfortunate and guilty daughter, who, finding it impoſſible to live any longer under his ſight, already ſuffered the puniſhment of her irreparable offence. She ſhuddered at the indignation which her precipitate flight muſt excite in the mind of an enraged father. Inſtead of attempting to juſtify a proceeding, too raſh to be defended, ſhe humbly begged his forgiveneſs, and lamented the cruel neceſſity which obliged her to withdraw from an authority which ſhe reſpected, even at that inſtant, when by her conduct ſhe ſeemed

to

to defy it. She left this letter on her toilet, quitted the houſe before daylight, and repaired to the farm, where the chaiſe waited for her. After having liberally rewarded the farmer's wife, ſhe ſet out with Lidy, and arrived in London next day in the evening.

Lady Sarah's elopement, and the receipt of the letter ſhe left behind her, threw Lord Alderſon into an amazement, from which he did not recover till rage took place of aſtoniſhment. Finding that his daughter had left the caſket behind her, this ſeemed to him a proof that ſhe had ſecured an aſylum, where ſhe was under no apprehenſions of want. He imagined that ſhe had withdrawn to Weſterney, or to ſome friend of Lord Revel's. In the tranſport of his firſt emotion, he wrote to that nobleman with all the haughtineſs and acrimony which were natural to him. He did not aſk any intelligence concerning his daughter, whom he conſidered as unworthy to belong to him; he would not even do her the honour of endeavouring to reſcue her from the conſequences of her own indiſcretion; he only deſired Lord Revel to aſſure her, that he hated, deſpiſed, and abandoned her for ever. I ſhall never, ſaid he, in the concluſion of that horrid epiſtle, recollect that I was her father, but to pronounce upon her that execration which awaits an

ungrateful and rebellious child. I am now going to deſtroy her expectations for ever, and I pray heaven to extend this diſheriſon even to her celeſtial portion.

Lord Revel was till then a ſtranger to Lady Sarah's elopement, and was extremely ſurprized to learn it by that means. He ſent a gentleman to Lord Alderſon's to aſſure him that, ſince the day they parted, he had maintained no correſpondence with Lady Alderſon, and that he was, in no degree, inſtrumental in the uneaſineſs ſhe occaſioned him. Lord Alderſon refuſed to ſee any one who came from the Earl; he gave out in the houſe, that Lady Albury had taken his daughter to France without his leave; he complained loudly of that Lady, from whom he pretended to have received a letter; in the end however, affecting to be more pacified, he declared that if the journey perfectly reſtored his daughter to her health, as her relation expected, he would readily forgive them both for having undertaken it againſt his will. A few days after he ſpread a report that Lady Sarah was taken dangerouſly ill at Calais. He ſet out poſt, with only one ſervant, in order, as he pretended, to fly to her relief; he remained abſent a month: That time expired, he returned to Alderſon, affecting to be moſt immoderately grieved on account of his daughter's death, whoſe coffin followed him. He made

made a very pompous funeral, and put himſelf with his whole family into deep mourning. Lady Sarah was tenderly bewailed, and long regretted. Lord Revel beheld this farce with indifference, as conſidering it both mean and ridiculous. He was not eager to undeceive the county; this was a duty he reſerved for Edward. Lady Albury, who had been forewarned by Lord Alderſon, kept the ſecret; and thus no one doubted of Lady Sarah's death.

She no ſooner reached London, than ſhe wrote to Edward; he knew that ſhe was to go thither, but he was a ſtranger to the reaſon which obliged her to anticipate the time. This was what ſhe wanted to communicate; but the perplexity ſhe was under how to expreſs herſelf on ſo delicate a ſubject, made her from time to time poſtpone this intereſting intelligence. Her time, during her retreat, was employed much in the ſame way as at Alderſon; Edward, ever preſent to her imagination, filled up every ſpace, and made her loſe the recollection of thoſe melancholy ideas ſhe entertained at Alderſon.

Love is the only paſſion, which is capable of engroſſing the mind altogether. This ſovereign miſtreſs of the ſoul, inſenſibly baniſhes every idea which does not relate to itſelf. When we are in love, we forget that there

there are any other objects, beſides that on which our affection is placed; the vaſt extent of the univerſe ſeems to ſhrink in our ſight, and we only behold that ſpace which includes our deſires.

An Italian painter was at that time in high repute at London, and portrait painting was his peculiar excellence. Lady Sarah had her picture drawn by him. Her likeneſs is ſo ſtrongly taken in this picture, that you yourſelf, Madam, knew it at firſt ſight. She applied herſelf with unwearied aſſiduity to copy it in miniature, and when it was finiſhed ſhe ſent it to Edward. She then amuſed herſelf with writing a journal of thoſe occurrences, which moſt nearly engaged her affections; it opened with the firſt day on which ſhe beheld her Edward; ſhe here expreſſed her ſentiments with that amiable ſimplicity which denotes a mind of ſenſibility, and a character of integrity. Perhaps in compoſing this journal, ſhe had a deſign of making a compariſon between different periods of her life, and of awakening Edward's recollection, if ever his ardour ſhould abate, by reminding him how much ſhe had ſacrificed to her tenderneſs for him, and what a recompence he was bound to return to ſuch exceſs of love. It is from this manuſcript that I draw the particulars I now relate to you; and Lidy has often repeated to me the cir-

circumſtances of the laſt diſtreſs which befell the unfortunate Lady Sarah, after the time where the manuſcript breaks off.

She lodged with the widow of a ſubaltern officer, whoſe name was Mrs. Larkin; and who was of an agreeable diſpoſition, ſprightly, and not unaccuſtomed to genteel life. Lady Alderſon paſſed in the family for the wife of a plain gentleman of the county of Kent. Mrs. Larkin ſtruck with that air of dignity which diſtinguiſhed her perſon, and was conſpicuous in the moſt trifling action, aſtoniſhed likewiſe at her extreme reſerve, and conſidering alſo as marks of ſuperior merit, the little deſire ſhe expreſſed of enjoying the amuſements of the town, and the voluntary ſolitude which a lady ſo young, ſo beautiful, ſo qualified to make a figure in the world, impoſed upon herſelf, ſhe ſoon diſcovered a tender and reſpectful attachment to her, and endeavoured to anticipate her wiſhes. Lady Sarah was not inſenſible of the attention paid to her; as her company was not diſagreeable, Mrs. Larkin uſed to paſs a great part of the day with her.

More than ſix months had eſcaped ſince Edward's abſence; a long ſiege had retarded the operations of the campaign. The enamoured young Lord wrote to Lady Sarah, on the eve of a battle which was to put an

end to it, and reſtore him to the object of his affections. His impatience increaſed Lady Alderſon's. Reſtleſs and uneaſy, ſhe preferred her fervent prayers to heaven for the preſervation of a life ſo dear to her. On receiving no intelligence by the poſt, ſhe abandoned herſelf to the moſt horrid apprehenſions. Her repoſe was inſenſibly diſturbed, and ſhe paſſed her nights in wiſhing, yet dreading the news of to-morrow.

She received two letters at once from Edward, which were ſufficient to diſſipate her fears. He aſſured her that the armies were going to ſeparate without coming to action; he conjured her to baniſh thoſe melancholy ideas which preyed upon her mind. He propoſed, and flattered himſelf with the hope of ſeeing her before the end of the month. All his expreſſions diſcovered an unuſual gaiety. They deceived Lady Sarah, and ſhe entertained the moſt agreeable expectations. The next day the poſt miſſed without giving her any extraordinary alarm. She imagined that Edward was on his way home, and intended to ſurprize her.

Mrs. Larkin had a nephew in the ſame army, of whom ſhe was extremely fond. As ſhe was going to viſit Lady Sarah in the evening, ſhe received by an expreſs diſpatched to Prince Thomas, a letter from her nephew.

She

She opened it, read it, and gave a violent ſhriek. Lady Alderſon ran to her, and aſked the reaſon of her cries. The poor woman being in a conſternation, and forgetting how deeply the young lady might be intereſted in the fatal news, gave her the letter from her nephew. The contents were in few words as follows.

'We have juſt now given battle and loſt 'it. I am wounded, but ſlightly: We are 'obliged to fly; I write to you at the diſ-'tance of ſix leagues from the fatal field, 'where we have left ten thouſand of our men. 'I ſaw Lord Orſel, my patron and friend, 'drop. I wiſh I had died yeſterday: I can 'add no more. I am told that we are going 'to march in order to retreat farther.' Lady Sarah had ſcarce done reading, but ſhe dropped, ſenſeleſs with fear, into the arms of Mrs. Larkin, uttering in a low tone: O Edward, O my dear Edward! They brought her to herſelf with water and ſalts, but frightened, trembling and diſtracted, ſhe could only expreſs herſelf by giving vent to exclamations. Lifting up her ſtreaming eyes to heaven, Great God! All powerful God; ſaid ſhe, may I yet? may I yet implore thee?

She waited next day with a degree of impatience and agitation, which did not leave her a moment's quiet. No expreſs arrived.

It

It was in vain they assured her that the wind was contrary. This fatal silence seemed the messenger of death. He is gone, said she to Lidy, he is gone; I have lost him for ever.

She passed several days in this horrid state of uncertainty. Every attention which was paid to the unfortunate Lady Sarah, gave her such violent perturbation, that they scarce ever dared to interrupt the solitude she was desirous of indulging. The only symptoms of existence she discovered, were the grievous agitations she expressed from the dread, lest her desperate apprehensions should receive confirmation. When alone in her closet, she prostrated herself before the Supreme Being, with uplifted hands; and by her cries, and lamentations implored the life of Edward. Let him live, 'tis all I ask, said she, with earnest supplication; may he live, though I lose him; may his days be prolonged, though not for me! Let me bewail his absence, his indifference, his hatred, even his disdain! But never, never let me lament his death. Abandoned, degraded, dishonoured, deprived of every thing, without friends, without refuge; I will expiate his failing and my own. O thou God of vengeance, thou art likewise a God of mercy. Ah, strike at me alone: Vouchsafe to grant his life to the prayers I offer, to the bitter tears I shed before thee! I shall die in peace, if, in my last moments,

I am

I am assured that thy arm has preserved him, that he still lives, and is happy! Alas! The object of so many tears, and of such tender and disinterested affection, was then no more. Having received three mortal wounds, been thrown down, trodden under the horses feet, besmeared with blood and dust, Edward, confounded among a heap of slain, had not yet been even discovered. At first they thought he had been taken prisoner, then concluded him among the killed. Sir Humphrey, who was taken prisoner by the side of his expiring friend, whom he was endeavouring to lift up, was the only one who could give any intelligence with regard to his fate; but being dangerously wounded himself, he remained several days without being in a condition to speak or write.

Lady Sarah sent an express to Lord Revel. She imagined him acquainted with Edward's fate, and intreated him to give her intelligence. The Earl at the same time received an express with a letter from Sir Humphrey; the confirmation of Edward's death overwhelmed him with grief, and Lady Sarah's expressions added to its bitterness. Her youth, her engaging qualities, her tenderness, her misfortune, all strongly interested a mind of such sensibility as Lord Revel's. She had been so dear to Edward's affections, that from that moment he regarded her as a precious

relict

relict of the friend he lamented, and such were the sentiments of his generous and delicate mind, that he even thought he might still oblige Edward by assisting the object of his tendereſt affections. He was just recovered from a fit of illneſs occasioned by grief and inquietude; nevertheleſs he wrote to Lady Alderſon: "We have loſt, Madam, ſaid he to her, the friend whom we both equally loved; let us unite our mutual regrets: Allow me to adopt you as my daughter, to treat you with the affection of a parent, and of a huſband; direct my endeavours, and diſpoſe of every thing that belongs to me; I will learn from yourſelf, what are your preſent intentions: I ſhall repair to London in eight days, ready to execute them; there I will receive your commands; I have now no other wiſh, Madam, than that of being ſerviceable to you."

Such a poſitive aſſurance of Edward's death, threw the diſtreſſed Lady Sarah into a fit of deſpair. No conſideration whatever could reſtrain her emotions; ſhe gave herſelf up to the deepeſt ſorrow and moſt moving lamentations. Such violent agonies ſoon impaired her ſtrength; ſhe remained two hours quite ſenſeleſs, and was only recalled to life by ſharp and redoubled pangs of grief. So much inquietude and agitation anticipated the pains of labour. I was born, and my birth was an addition

addition to her torments; my infant cries were intermixed with her deep lamentations; ſhe heard them, and they pierced her to the very ſoul. O, unhappy infant, ſaid ſhe, thou wilt never call on the dear name of father.

From that moment, ſhe gradually declined. She preſerved a mournful ſilence, and never ſpoke, but to expreſs her deep affliction: Every thing diſguſted her; ſhe rejected, with ſtrong repugnance, the nouriſhment that was offered her. Her mind averſe from every kind of conſolation made every mark of aſſiduity troubleſome to her: She made ſigns with her hand for her attendants to withdraw, and when the women who waited on her left her alone, they heard her give a free vent to her tears, and repeat the name of Edward a thouſand times over. He is no more then, ſaid ſhe, he is dead: Ah, God, he is dead! He hears me not, he never will hear me! He is gone, gone for ever. Edward will never more appear to theſe eyes; his ſoul is returned to its heavenly abode. Ah, that at leaſt, ſaid ſhe, that at leaſt I could but fix my melancholy eyes upon thy corpſe! Dear and worthy Edward! Alas! Thou haſt not even a grave which I can ſprinkle with my tears, and where I might hope that our aſhes at leaſt may be united.

Lady

Lady Alderſon's tender conſtitution could not long reſiſt ſuch violent grief; her blood was inflamed, a raging fever ſoon threw her into the utmoſt danger; her life was deſpaired of, when Lord Revel came to pay her a viſit. This nobleman was moſt ſenſibly affected by Lady Alderſon's condition. As he drew near to her, he turned his face aſide, for fear of diſcovering his emotions to her. His preſence threw Lady Sarah into violent agitation; ſhe took notice of the motion he made to conceal the marks of his ſenſibility; and ſtretching forth her arms; Ah, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, do not hide your pity from me; let me behold the friend, the father of Edward, bewail with tears the melancholy fate which tears him from us! He is then no more! We have loſt him for ever! Ah, my Lord, for ever! The torrent of her tears, ſtopping her voice, ſhe could add no more.

After a few minutes mournful ſilence, Edward, Madam, ſaid the Earl, lives no more but in our affections; heaven would not allow me to ſee the ſon of my dear friend live in felicity. My regard for the unfortunate youth did not end with his life. I will give conſtant proofs of it, Madam, by my ſervices to you. Condeſcend, Madam, to conſider me as a man, whoſe only deſire is that of obliging you. He then, in the ſtrongeſt

ſtrongeſt terms, renewed the offers which he had made to her in his letter.

But who could now be of uſe to Lady Sarah. What idea of happineſs could ſooth a mind overwhelmed with the weight of grief, whoſe lively and paſſionate affections had loſt their object, without loſing any thing of their force. Ah, of what value were fortune, pleaſure, grandeur, nay the world itſelf, when the whole univerſe could not reſtore her Edward.

She called for her eſcrutore, from whence ſhe took out the journal which ſhe had begun; and preſenting it to Lord Revel; I have a favour, ſaid ſhe, my Lord, to aſk of you. But as I dare not entertain you with the only ſubject which engroſſes me at preſent, I beg you to read theſe ſheets with attention. My extreme weakneſs, and other reaſons which you will readily conceive, will not allow me to relate my melancholy ſtory. When you are acquainted with it, if your generous compaſſion moves you, if you will vouchſafe to extend it to the object of my only inquietude, I ſhall ſink into the grave freed from a heavy load, of which the preſſure aggravates all my other torments.

The Earl received the manuſcript ſhe gave him. Shocked at the condition in which he left

left her he withdrew, after having ſworn to diſcharge the duties of a father and a friend towards her.

When he got home, he read Lady Sarah's manuſcript with great eagerneſs. Having gone through it, he recalled to mind ſome expreſſions which eſcaped from Edward during his illneſs. They raiſed ſome ſuſpicions in his mind at the time, but he entertained ſuch a reſpect for Lady Alderſon, that he thought no more of them. Every thing which Edward had ſaid, appeared to him the effect of a diſordered underſtanding, whoſe ideas wandered towards a thouſand objects. Certain of that, which he could not preſume to imagine before, he lamented, he ſympathized in Lady Sarah's grief, and was moſt deeply affected when he thought of the little innocent, who was the fruit of ſuch unhappy love. He gave way to ſentiments of compaſſion and tenderneſs, when he received a meſſage that Lady Alderſon deſired him to return immediately.

The preſence of a perſon ſo attached to Edward, and whom Edward was ſo fond of, had occaſioned a dreadful revolution in her. After a long fainting fit, ſhe came ſomewhat to herſelf, but ſo exceedingly debilitated, that the phyſicians who tried in vain to reſtore her, pronounced her to be near her end.

She

She called for Lord Revel inceſſantly. When ſhe was told that he was there, ſhe took ſome ſtrengthening drops; and collecting all her ſpirits, My Lord, ſaid ſhe, you are acquainted with my failing; I have ſuffered cruelly for it, and my laſt moments are ſo grievous, that I dare hope forgiveneſs from heaven. I am dying, and I leave behind me a daughter whoſe father you loved: May ſhe experience your kindneſs. This is the only wiſh of a heart, whoſe warmth is nearly extinguiſhed. Doomed to diſhonour, even before ſhe was born! Shame, miſery, and a ſcandalous title, is all the inheritance of Edward's daughter. Her unfortunate mother can do nothing for her. Your protection, my Lord, is the only bleſſing which heaven allows me to hope for in her favour. May heaven, which abandoned me to the extravagance of my affection, vouchſafe to look with an eye of kindneſs on this unhappy orphan; and may ſhe never know ſorrow equal to that which puts an end to my days. If ſhe lives, acquaint her with the authors of her being: Let her drop ſome tears at her father's death, may his memory be dear and reſpectable to her, and may her mother's ſerve her as a melancholy and uſeful leſſon to avoid her failings. Here her weakneſs and her tears obliged her to ſtop.

Lord Revel, deeply affected, thanked Lady Sarah for the confidence with which ſhe honoured him; he promiſed her, he ſwore to promote the happineſs of the infant who was already dear to his affections; at theſe words, ſhe rang the bell. Lidy, according to the orders ſhe had received, brought me up and preſented me to his Lordſhip. He took me in his arms, and preſſing me to his boſom, with weeping eyes, he repeated the promiſes he had lately made. My mother, bedewing my face with her tears, cried: O my daughter! May all the powers of heaven protect thee! In lieu of grandeur, which ſhould have been thy lot, may'ſt thou enjoy a calm and virtuous mind. She made a ſign to Lidy to take me away, and addreſſing herſelf to Lord Revel, after having again recommended me to his care, and ſettled what ſhe would have given to Lidy: I have written to Lord Alderſon, ſaid ſhe, in a weak tone; I wiſh that you would cloſe the letter: I would have it ſent to him the moment that I am no more. His juſt indignation will perhaps ceaſe when I am gone: I do not flatter myſelf to move him on behalf of my daughter. Nevertheleſs I thought it my duty to the infant to try an expedient from whence I expect little ſucceſs. It is you, my Lord, it is you alone who comfort me with regard to her future fate. She then gave him the keys of every thing that belonged to her. She ſqueezed the

Earl by the hand, and bid him farewell; then finding herſelf worſe, ſhe took a ribbon from her neck, on which hung Edward's picture: She beheld it ſtedfaſtly for a long time, and ſaid in a low voice, with accents broken by her ſighs: O thou image of the moſt amiable of men, thou lovely image, once the delight of my eyes, the object of all my pleaſures, though now become the ſource of my deep affliction, I will never loſe ſight of thee, till I ceaſe to live. She put it to her lips, and kiſſed it eagerly; ſhe ſeemed to have collected all her ſtrength for this laſt act of tenderneſs; ſhe never ſpoke more, her eyes cloſed, and ſhe expired without the leaſt motion, without even withdrawing the hand which preſſed Edward's picture to her lips.

How often have my lips endeavoured there to find the traces of her tears. O Lady Sarah! O my mother! You wiſhed that the memory of Edward might be *dear* and *reſpectable* to me; you durſt not require me to entertain reſpect for you, but the inſtant that Lady Alderſon's memory ceaſes to be dear and reſpectable to me, may I periſh miſerably, and be deſpiſed for ever! . . . Pardon, Madam, ah! pardon a daughter's feelings, the tedious relation of theſe melancholy events which have probably affected the too great ſenſibility of your nature. Hurried on by a powerful impulſe, I could not paſs ſlightly

over a ſubject which intereſted me ſo nearly. Alas! I have no other than melancholy ſubjects to communicate. The ſentiment of grief is grown habitual to my mind; though a lively and tender affection ſeemed likely to have excited more agreeable emotions. Doomed by the ſingularity of my fate to experience trouble, and determined never to court felicity by endeavouring to baniſh theſe reflections, I have at leaſt the ſatisfaction of applauding the ſacrifice I make.

Lord Revel's firſt attention, after Lady Sarah's death, was to ſearch for the letter which was to be ſent to her father. He found it under a cover unſealed. It was penned with ſuch an exquiſite ſenſe of ſorrow, her expreſſions were ſo moving, ſhe prayed ſo ardently for the unfortunate infant, deſtitute of all ſupport by the loſs of its parents, that notwithſtanding his knowledge of Lord Alderſon's extreme inflexibility, the Earl hoped that he would be touched with the ſuppliant and affecting addreſs of a daughter, whoſe untimely and unhappy end might excite his pity, and baniſh his reſentment.

He cloſed the letter, and ſealed it with Lady Sarah's arms; and being determined to have no farther correſpondence with a man he deſpiſed, he dictated a letter to Lidy. After a circumſtantial account of the death of her

her miſtreſs, ſhe required his directions with regard to her burial, and the manner in which ſhe was to diſpoſe of me. They ſent an expreſs to Alderſon. Nothing could equal Lord Alderſon's rage, when he beheld his daughter's hand-writing. He tore the letter without opening of it; and knowing from what quarter the other came, he threw it away with diſdain, commanding the meſſenger, in a menacing tone, to take it back, and go away directly.

Lord Revel, being made acquainted with this violent behaviour, judged that it would be of no purpoſe to make any farther attempts; he therefore ſolely applied himſelf to fulfil my mother's laſt requeſt, and did not perſiſt in endeavouring to make Lord Alderſon acquainted with his daughter's fate. Six days after her death, Lady Alderſon was removed without pomp to Rocheſter, and interred in a vault belonging to the Revel family. My Lord, with Mrs. Larkin, aſſiſted at my baptiſm, I was chriſtened by the name of Jenny, the daughter of Edward of Saliſbury and Sarah Alderſon. I was ſent to Eſſex to be nurſed. Mrs. Larkin, and all who had in any ſhape ſerved or aſſiſted my mother, received marks of his Lordſhip's generoſity. Lidy remained with me, and preſerved the advantages of her former condition in my ſervice; ſhe tied the little portrait of my fa-

ther round my neck. My mother's picture, which perfectly reſembled her, ſtood facing my cradle. Lidy was ordered to teach me to regard it with tender and reſpectful conſideration, ſo ſoon as my eyes were capable of diſtinguiſhing objects. My mother's jewels were reſerved to be given to me at a proper time; the reſt of her effects were ſold, and Lord Revel placed what remained in the bank at London. The intereſt every year increaſing the capital, produced in time a ſum ſufficient to have placed me above want, if chance had not cruelly diſpoſed of every thing which was allotted to me.

When I entered into my ſixth year, my Lord placed me at a boarding ſchool near Oxford. I entered there under the name of Miſs Jenny Glanville, a young lady of faſhion, whoſe parents, detained at Jamaica in the King's ſervice, were deſirous of having their daughter educated in England. Lord Revel's frequent viſits, the friendſhip with which he honoured me, and the rich apparel which he liked to ſee me wear, gave every one a high opinion of my fortune. It was unlikely that they ſhould entertain any ſuſpicion with regard to the parentage of a child entruſted to his care.

I there received an education fit for the daughter of the firſt nobility. My mind being diſpoſed to reflection, and having ſo much pride

pride as to make me dread the moſt gentle reprimand, together with a ſtrong deſire of rendering myſelf agreeable, I was naturally inclined to make the beſt advantage of the inſtructions which were aſſiduouſly given me. I readily learnt all the accompliſhments neceſſary for a woman born to be rich, and make a figure in the world; but they never taught me thoſe ſolid and uſeful principles, which enable us to enjoy the goods of fortune with moderation, and aſſiſt us to ſupport the loſs of them with fortitude; principles which are highly neceſſary, to maintain a proper dignity throughout the various accidents of life. It is from theſe principles alone, that we are capable of enduring grievous hardſhips without being completely miſerable. We might avoid many troubles, if we were taught betimes, to bluſh at nothing but the reproaches of our own conſciences.

Lord Revel had ſome very diſtant relations, who were extremely attentive to his conduct. His extravagant fondneſs for the Duke of Saliſbury's ſon, deſtroying their greedy expectations, had made them, for a long time ſince, avoid his houſe. Lord Edward's death brought them back again. They paid court to him; and the aſſiduity with which they ſtudied to pleaſe him ſoon made an impreſſion upon him. He was advanced to that period of life, when we find attention and complai-

ſance becomes neceſſary to us; a neceſſity which renders them agreeable, and makes us blind to the motives from whence they ſpring.

Lord Revel by degrees began to loſe his liberty. He found himſelf ſurrounded by officious friends, who watched his motions, and had an eye upon all his actions; I ſoon became the object of their curioſity. They talked to him concerning his ward, they deſired to ſee me, and be acquainted with me. But he kept every circumſtance which concerned me in profound ſecrecy. The better to conceal his kindneſs towards me, he eraſed out of his will the clauſe where I was mentioned, for fear leſt too large a legacy ſhould draw powerful adverſaries upon me, and expoſe his will to be litigated. His generous anxiety likewiſe made him apprehenſive leſt death or debility of mind ſhould fruſtrate his intentions, before he had ſettled my condition, and this made him ſolicitous to take proper meaſures for my ſecurity.

Sir Humphrey, who was conſtantly attached to him, poſſeſſed his confidence, and by his zeal and integrity deſerved it. Lord Revel diſcloſed his mind to him on the ſubject of this generous inquietude, and took what he judged the moſt proper method to remove it. He depoſited with Sir Humphrey

rey a letter-caſe, containing fifteen thouſand pounds ſterling in bank bills, of which he made me a preſent, together with more than four thouſand pounds which was the produce of my mother's pittance. In this laſt ſum was included a ſmall annuity ſettled on Lidy. His Lordſhip enjoined Sir Humphrey to continue to add the intereſt of my fortune in augmentation of the principal. To this depoſit, he added Lady Alderſon's jewels, with all the papers which regarded her memory, or could give me any intelligence with regard to my birth.

Sir Humphrey undertook to fulfill Lord Revel's intentions. He promiſed to make me miſtreſs of my fortune when I ſhould have attained my eighteenth year, if by that time his Lordſhip ſhould be incapable of executing his intentions himſelf. My mother's papers, ſealed with Lord Edward's ſeal and with his own, were committed to the care of Lidy, to be delivered to me when ſhe ſhould receive orders for that purpoſe Sir Humphrey likewiſe gave a very particular receipt, ſpecifying the quantity and quality of the effects of which he acknowledged himſelf truſtee. Three years afterwards I loſt my only friend, my virtuous patron. By his affectionate foreſight, he intended to ſecure my felicity. But what does the vain prudence of frail mortals avail, againſt the power of accident, which

overthrows the deepeſt and beſt concerted ſchemes? In an inſtant, all our diſpoſitions are fruſtrated, our hopes deſtroyed, and we are devoted to all the misfortunes from which the limited view of human ſagacity thought to have ſecured us for ever.

I lamented the loſs of Lord Revel, I bewailed his death exceedingly. But I was of an age when the impreſſion of grief is ſo quickly effaced, that it may be deemed no more than a tranſient interruption of joy. How often ſince had I ſhed bitter tears to the memory of this truly valuable and generous friend. Alas, his goodneſs, his tenderneſs, his generoſity, could not preſerve me from my unhappy deſtiny. Ah, Madam, what a happy ſtate is that of childhood! Wherefore do we never enjoy felicity, but at an age when we are inſenſible of it; when ſo far from being delighted with that inward compoſure of mind, we generally extend our thoughts to futurity, which will either alter or deſtroy it. I had attained my fifteenth year, without a ſingle reflection to diſturb my mind, or interrupt the pleaſing uniformity of my life; but an accident, ſeemingly of no conſequence, began to make me uneaſy concerning my birth, or at leaſt about my parents conduct with regard to me.

As I was walking one day with ſix of my ſchool fellows, their women, Lidy and two of our governeſſes, I climbed up a hill, from whence I perceived at a diſtance, a houſe whoſe ſituation appeared to me delightful: I propoſed to direct our walk that way, and no one oppoſing that motion, we croſſed, for the firſt time, the field which was the uſual boundary of our walk, and we reached the avenue of the ſeat. A gardener, who was pruning ſome trees, opened a little gate for us. He led us into the moſt pleaſant and beautiful garden it is poſſible to conceive. The gardener being our guide, we ran over that delightful ſpot with that infantine pleaſure which the leaſt novelty excites. We thought proper to reſt ourſelves in a little grove full of flowers, and where four fountains, which were continually playing, diffuſed an agreeable freſhneſs. Our governeſſes and our waiting women ſate down upon the graſs; but the natural ſprightlineſs of our youth ſoon inclined us to go in purſuit of amuſement, and we began to dance all the country dances we had learned.

While we were engaged in this exerciſe, a young gentleman in a hunting dreſs appeared of a ſudden in the midſt of us. My companions, ſo ſoon as they perceived him, left off dancing. I being more lively and heedleſs than the reſt, was angry with them,

without taking any notice of the ſpectator whoſe preſence had checked them. At length he catched my eye, and we looked at each other, but he could eaſily read in my countenance that his preſence was uneaſy to me.

He drew near to me, and ſaluting me with a low bow, aſked pardon for having, by his intruſion, interrupted a diverſion which I had good reaſon to be fond of, as it gave me an opportunity of diſplaying ſo many graces. It is impoſſible, he added, to deprive you of a moment's pleaſure without regret; if my preſence inſpires you with dullneſs or diſguſt, I ſhall have a double cauſe to lament the accident which threw me in your way.

On hearing this apology, Mrs. Anne, the eldeſt of our governeſſes, began to think that ſhe had committed a great miſtake in ſuffering us to come into a houſe, where ſhe was not acquainted with any body. Concluding from the noble air of the young ſportſman, that he was maſter of it, ſhe began to compliment him in ſo abſurd a manner, that I could not forbear ſmiling at the ſolemnity of her harangue. The return of my uſual gayety gave ſpirits to our little party. The perſon who had diſconcerted us, immediately propoſed that we ſhould reſume the country dance we broke off; we looked at each other, and

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by common conſent, we continued our dance, with the ſame pleaſure as before.

In the mean while the gardener who introduced us, having received orders, went out of the grove, and preſently returned laden with flowers and fruits; ſeveral footmen following him with refreſhments of every kind. The gentleman, whoſe attention had provided them ſo opportunely, preſented them to us. He offered them in ſo polite and preſſing a manner, that we could not decline accepting them: When it was time for us to go, we would have taken leave of him; but the night drawing on, the probability of its overtaking us in the way, furniſhed our officious ſportſman with a pretence of waiting on us. He made me an offer of one arm, and Miſs Clifford accepted of the other: we walked on, and we all three entertained each other with as much familiarity as if we had been old acquaintance.

When we reached the houſe, where it was proper for us to part, our guide expreſſed a violent reluctance at leaving us. His chearful air was ſucceeded by a melancholy caſt; when he was ready to go, he ſtill found ſome reaſon to ſtay, and Miſs Clifford countenanced all his pretences. He was very inquiſitive to learn from me my name, my condition, and my connections. My companion

panion had acquainted him with all theſe particulars. His repeated queſtions began to tire me, when at length he forced himſelf to leave us.

This adventure ſerved us for entertainment the whole evening. We were informed that the ſeat where we had been, belonged to Lord Clare, an Iriſh Peer, much eſteemed at court, and beloved by his country; but that it was become melancholy and almoſt deſerted by means of an unhappy accident. Being paſſionately in love with Lord Clarendon's daughter, and on the point of being married to her, his hopes were diſappointed by her cruel and unexpected death. He had for two years bewailed her loſs, and paſſed a great part of the year at his country ſeat, that he might, without interruption, give way to the ſoothing melancholy which he loved to indulge. His friends from time to time participated of his retirement, but could not withdraw him from it. Sir Edmond his brother, who was but nineteen, lived there with him, and was juſt then ſetting out upon his travels. . . . . Sir Edmond! What uneaſineſs and perturbation does that name occaſion me. Ah, Madam, why did not this younger brother of Lord Clare pay his adreſſes to me at that time? Doomed to love me, and be beloved, he might then have made that lively and tender impreſſion on my heart, which is

now

now tormented with ſuch bitter affliction; I might then without reſerve have given way to an inclination, which gratitude and friendſhip now forbid me to liſten to, or indulge. O, that amiable Edmond! As I was doomed to ſee him, wherefore did I ſee him ſo late! Why cannot I contribute to his happineſs! What fatality compells me to conceal my affection, to renounce my own happineſs, and the certainty of promoting his felicity, by gratifying my moſt earneſt wiſhes.

Miſs Clifford amuſed herſelf with conjecturing which of the two brothers met us in the wood. The perſon whom we ſaw, appeared, by his figure, to be more than nineteen, and his chearful and ſprightly air did not correſpond with what we heard of Lord Clare's diſpoſition: The following letter, which we received three days after our walk, cleared up our doubts.

Sir JAMES HANTLEY'S *Letter to Miſs* JENNY GLANVILLE.

'*Charming Miſs*,

'SINCE this month, which I have paſſed 'at Lord Clare's in reflecting with ter- 'ror on the melancholy effects of an unfor- 'tunate paſſion, I flattered myſelf that theſe 'reflections would ſecure me againſt a pro-

'penſity

'penſity which I have ever dreaded. But 'a glance from your eye has put me beſide 'myſelf, has deſtroyed all the efficacy of 'example, and rendered all the dictates of 'reaſon vain and fruitleſs. What beautifies, 'what graces, what various charms have cap-'tivated my mind and engaged my heart! '. . . . Be not offended, lovely Miſs, at 'this frank confeſſion. The affection which 'extorts it from me, is as reſpectful, as it is 'lively and empaſſioned; it tranſports me 'violently, and diſcovers itſelf in ſpite of 'me. I have been rudely refuſed the ho-'nour of viſiting you. I have twice attemp-'ted it in vain; condeſcend to liſten to me, 'or at leaſt make me acquainted by what 'method I may obtain permiſſion to con-'vince you of my aſſiduity. He whoſe af-'fections you have gained, may form pre-'tenſions to you, if all thoſe externals which 'are of eſtimation in the world, may not be 'thought too ſlight a title to win your eſteem, 'and to merit that preference in your favour, 'which includes all the wiſhes of

JAMES HANTLEY.'

A woman who ſold us ribbons, gave me this letter with a vaſt deal of circumſpection, and charged me not to mention from whoſe hands I received it. It was Lidy, whoſe repulſes diſturbed the Baronet; he could not gain her conſent to allow him the liberty of ſpeaking

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to me. As ſhe was punctual in purſuing Lord Revel's inſtructions, ſhe thought it her duty not to let any gentleman come near me, whoſe agreeable figure might ſtrike me, and make me wait with impatience till the time came, which his Lordſhip had preſcribed for me to aſſume the government of myſelf.

I read the letter without any emotion. Nothing but the moſt extravagant vanity can diſpoſe us to reliſh the pleaſure of inſpiring ſentiments which are not reciprocal. The Baronet's paſſion did not affect me; and ſo far from endeavouring to keep it a ſecret, I carried the letter to Lidy.

This girl, born in a ſtation wherein intereſt is generally the ſpring which actuates the mind, had employed her leiſure hours, while ſhe was about me, in cultivating her underſtanding by well choſen books. Her acquired talents, joined to her extreme benevolence of heart, rendered her vaſtly amiable. She thought with judgment, and expreſſed herſelf with propriety. She was taken notice of in the family; ſhe was moſt affectionately attached to me; I loved her; a want of confidence in her, nay the leaſt reſerve, I ſhould have conſidered as a kind of treaſon.

She read the letter, and returning it to me: What do you think of it, Miſs? ſaid ſhe.

No-

Nothing, I anſwered; I wait for your advice in what manner to act. If you will be perſuaded by me, ſhe replied, you will pay no regard to theſe alluring propoſals. The daring adventurers of the bolder ſex are laviſh of them, their ſeeming ſubmiſſion is frequently a maſk to conceal their injurious enterprizes. Men in general do not act with that amiable ſincerity which is your diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic. Thoſe of greateſt honour among them, think it no crime to deceive us. They have eſtabliſhed an unnatural law among themſelves, by which they imagine that they are exempted from the rules of juſtice and integrity in their commerce with us. They do not bluſh to impoſe upon one half of the creation; but while they thus leſſen their own obligations, they extend ours, ſince the neceſſity they lay upon us of making the practice of honour and virtue habitual, obliges us to conduct ourſelves with equal circumſpection, both with regard to our own ſex, and with our tyrants. Nevertheleſs, Miſs, ſhe added, you are at liberty either to admit or refuſe the Baronet's viſits. There is no reſtraint on your inclinations. Whoever engages your affections, will meet with no oppoſition from Sir Humphrey. Nevertheleſs I am ſenſible that, agreeably to Lord Revel's will, it is not his intention to diſpoſe of you yet.

How,

How, ſaid I immediately, does the time of my ſettlement in life depend on Lord Revel's will, who is no more, or on Sir Humphrey's pleaſure? Are not my parents alive? Notwithſtanding they dwell in a diſtant country, have not they a right to diſpoſe of me? This queſtion ſeemed to diſconcert her; ſhe ſighed, fixed her eyes on the ground, and made me no anſwer. Her ſilence and ſadneſs occaſioned me an uneaſineſs I had never experienced before. How happens it, my dear Lidy, ſaid I, that my parents who are ſo attentive to provide every thing either uſeful or agreeable to me, ſhould nevertheleſs be indifferent about receiving any marks of my affectionate and grateful acknowledgement? Why is Sir Humphrey alone charged with a correſpondence which would be ſo delightful to me? Could not they allow me to write to them, and honour me with their kindneſs without the intervention of a third perſon?

Lidy ſighed again, and pauſed for a while: Then looking at me with an air of tenderneſs: O Miſs, Miſs, ſaid ſhe, an immenſe diſtance divides you from thoſe parents, whoſe protection would be ſo neceſſary to guide your youthful ſteps. Accuſtom yourſelf to ſuppoſe, that perhaps you may never behold them. Improve your diſpoſition ſo that you may have ſtrength within yourſelf, to diſ-

penſe

penſe with the aſſiſtance of your friends. Cultivate the amiable qualities of your mind. Cheriſh and preſerve your native compoſure, and be not forward to attract the dangerous addreſſes of the other ſex. If you knew what torment your mother endured on account of that paſſion with which they wiſh to inſpire you! You will one day know . . . . there her tears interrupted her. I could not prevail on her to explain herſelf farther. But her words and her tears made a ſtrong impreſſion upon me, and excited in me a reſtleſs deſire of knowing my parents. I embraced Lidy, aſſuring her that the Baronet was quite indifferent to me; and, giving her the letter, I left it to her to pen an anſwer.

Miſs Clifford had beheld Sir James with leſs indifference. She ſpoke of him every day, and wiſhed to go out, in hopes of meeting with him again. This longing, which ſhe took no pains to conceal, was excited by the continual details ſhe entered into with regard to the ſubject of Lord Clare's uneaſineſs. A tender ſympathy made her take a part in his concerns; ſhe liſtened to the ſame recitals a hundred times over, and mentioned his name every moment. I judged it proper to undeceive her; and to convince her that ſhe had not ſeen Lord Clare, I deſired Lidy to ſhew her the Baronet's letter.

She

She bluſhed while ſhe was reading it; but his having given me the preference, did not inſpire her with any averſion to me, or leſſen her partiality to him. She gave a ſtrong proof of it by an extraordinary ſtep, which even her youth, her want of experience and exceſſive vivacity, could ſcarcely juſtify in the opinion of any rational perſon.

After having uſed, in vain, every expedient by which ſhe might engage me to return the Baronet an anſwer, ſhe wrote to him in my name. The young lady thought that her letter was no more than civil, but in fact it was very expreſſive. She told him that being ſubject to the will of a rigid governeſs, I was not at liberty to follow my own inclinations. She adviſed him to aſk leave to pay Miſs Clifford a viſit; and ſhe aſſured him, that he would certainly obtain it. As the moſt affectionate intimacy ſubſiſted between us, ſhe intimated that if he had acceſs to her, he would eaſily find an opportunity of ſeeing, and converſing with me.

Miſs Clifford ſigned my name, and ſent this indiſcreet letter without any previous communication with me. The Baronet overjoyed, thinking himſelf ſure of a welcome reception, and ſuppoſing that he was writing to me, returned an anſwer penned in terms of

of the ſtrongeſt gratitude and moſt ardent paſſion. Miſs Clifford received a note from him that ſame evening directed to herſelf. He preſſed her earneſtly to give him an opportunity of aſſuring her, how reſpectfully he courted an occaſion of gaining her eſteem, and enjoying the delight of her converſation; It is impoſſible, ſaid he, to approach you, but with a view to pay you that aſſiduity and homage which you have ſo much right to demand. Miſs ſent him word that ſhe would be glad to ſee him.

The next day Miſs Clifford was deſired to go into the drawing-room, where it was uſual to receive ſtrangers. Soon after ſhe ſent to invite me thither. My ſurprize, at finding the baronet with her, occaſioned her to rally me: And the converſation between them grew very ſprightly. Sir James diſplayed all the graces which diſtinguiſh the behaviour of a man of pleaſure and vivacity, uſed to good company, who is ſtudious to pleaſe, and flatters himſelf with ſucceſs. The aſſurance of ſucceſs gives vain people a ſuperiority which thoſe who are modeſt ſcarce ever acquire, which is that of exhibiting every natural endowment, of diſplaying them to the beſt advantage, and of comporting themſelves with that graceful eaſe which renders every motion engaging.

Miſs Clifford liſtened to him with attention, applauded him, and ſeemed delighted with every thing he ſaid. My ſilence and reſerve, which were too evident to paſs unobſerved, ſeemed in ſome degree to abate Sir James's vivacity. His manner of accoſting me ſeemed ſomewhat free; ſome words uttered in a low tone, of which I could not catch the meaning; a certain air of confidence, and even of intimacy which he aſſumed with me, gave me a kind of uneaſineſs and peeviſhneſs, which, notwithſtanding his good opinion of his own merit, it was difficult for him to conſtrue in his favour. I thought his viſit long: When he had left us, Miſs Clifford confeſſed the whole to me. She ſhewed me a copy of her letter, with the two anſwers from the Baronet, of which the firſt was addreſſed to me. She reproached me with my indifference to Sir James, and intreated me earneſtly not to deprive her of the innocent pleaſure which his company afforded her; a pleaſure ſhe ſhould loſe, if I rejected his ſolicitations. She ſpoke to me in moſt moving terms; I was affected, and promiſed all ſhe aſked, except that of concealing from Lidy a proceeding which appeared to me more myſterious than unbecoming.

My notions were not comprehenſive enough to diſcover that my young friend expoſed me to vaſt inconveniencies on this occaſion; it was

was entirely owing to my natural ſincerity and friendly intimation that I reſolved to communicate the affair to Lidy. She was uneaſy at the relation, and ſoon convinced me what opinion Sir James would entertain with regard to my ſentiments, if I permitted him to conclude, that ſo kind an invitation came from me. After ſuch a billet-doux, my reſerve would appear to be mere coquetry, and would by no means deſtroy that degree of countenance I gave to his addreſſes. She engaged to undeceive him, ſhe cenſured Miſs Clifford's indiſcretion ſeverely, and found it very difficult to repair her ill conduct, without diſcovering to the Baronet, the inclination which Miſs Clifford entertained towards him.

Sir James was greatly chagrined, when he underſtood that the flattering billet-doux he had received, was neither of my hand writing, nor penned with my conſent. He was extremely aſſiduous to render himſelf agreeable to me; and he already began to entertain ſome favourable hopes of ſucceeding. This explanation however correſponding with the reception I gave him, occaſioned him infinite diſquietude. He expreſſed it in the moſt moving terms. His pathetic expoſtulations affected Lidy: And ſhe was not ſwayed by the reſolution which had been ſettled, not to diſpoſe of me till I was eighteen.

She

She even thought that it would be more for my intereſt, to be under the protection of a huſband betimes, than to be left ſo young under the guidance of my own diſcretion. The Baronet ſeemed to be a proper match for me. His age, his perſon, and his family all conſpired to make our union ſuitable. He was of Scotch extraction, and was dependent on his mother. But as no leſs than twenty thouſand pounds ſterling accompanied the tender of my hand, that circumſtance alone made me of ſome conſequence, and might attone for the irregularity of my birth in the opinion even of perſons of rank. All theſe reflections ſuddenly occured to her, and made her reſolve not to oppoſe the earneſt inclination Sir James expreſſed of paying his addreſſes to me. If he ſhould prove agreeable to me, ſhe propoſed to acquaint Sir Humphrey, and diſpoſe him to anticipate the time when he was to make me miſtreſs of my own fortune. Thus leaving my inclinations, and the ſucceſs of the Baronet's addreſſes to the direction of chance, without allowing him to viſit me in particular, ſhe gave him the liberty of ſeeing me in company with Miſs Clifford, and promiſed him to ſuggeſt nothing to me which might either advance or retard the good effect of his ſolicitations.

Sir James, contented with this regulation, continued his addreſſes to Miſs Clifford with

vaſt aſſiduity. Notwithſtanding Lidy had apologized for that young Lady's conduct by the moſt natural turn imaginable, yet the the Baronet ſoon diſcovered her partiality for him. He never ſaw me but in her company. Several women were conſtantly preſent in the drawing room, where we received his viſits. Being under a neceſſity of ſuppreſſing his ſentiments to a great degree, he gave them utterance in the moſt paſſionate letters which fondneſs could dictate. I received them, more out of compliance with Miſs Clifford's intreaties, than the Baronet's ardent importunities, but I never anſwered them. My young friend read them, and was aſtoniſhed to ſee me run them over with indifference. Who can hope to pleaſe you, ſaid ſhe, if an agreeable man, who is worthy of your affection, is the object of your inſenſibility? Her tenderneſs for him increaſed daily; ſhe never left him, but with regret; whenever he appeared, pleaſure ſparkled in her eyes; but the innocence and purity of her ſentiments, were ſtill ſuperior to their vivacity.

Six months elapſed without producing any alteration, either in her ſentiments or in mine. Sir James came one day to acquaint us that he was obliged to ſet out immediately for Scotland, without being able to aſcertain preciſely when the urgent buſineſs which called him away, would allow him to return. He

appeared to be under violent emotions, all the happineſs of his life, he ſaid, depended on the ſucceſs of his journey. His uncertainty with regard to my ſentiments, his apprehenſion of having made no progreſs in my affections, his leaving me at liberty to receive the addreſſes of ſome favourite lover, all theſe conſiderations, made his parting from me very painful to him. He ſhed tears when he ſpoke to me; I was moved by his diſtreſs, from that natural principle by which every good diſpoſition is affected, on behalf of an object which appears worthy of compaſſion. Sir James could not inſpire me with any farther degree of ſenſibility. A faint promiſe not to engage myſelf before his return, unleſs ſome unforeſeen accident ſhould oblige me, with a promiſe likewiſe to anſwer his letters, were the only favours he could win from my compaſſion. Miſs Clifford was affected at his departure. Her love was ſo pure and diſintereſted, that it was as devoid of jealouſy as of hope; and her tender friendſhip to me was not impaired by the circumſtance of my being her rival.

Some time before Sir James left us, Lidy received a letter from Sir Humphrey which occaſioned her vaſt uneaſineſs. Without acquainting me with the ſubject of her inquietude, ſhe ſet out for London with great precipitation. She ſtaid there three weeks.

The concern ſhe expreſſed at parting from me, her ſilence and her long ſtay in town, threw me into great conſternation. I waited for her return with extreme impatience. She arrived the day after Sir James's departure, dejected, altered, and ſcarce the ſame creature. I ran to meet her; but ſhe took me into my cloſet, ſhut the door, ſeated herſelf, ſighed, and remained quite motionleſs. I no ſooner enquired the reaſon of her being thus diſordered, than her grief burſt forth. She ſcreamed aloud; ſhe wrung her hands, and dropping her head into her boſom; O heavenly powers! She cried, What will become of us?

I, quite alarmed, ſhocked, and terrified, embraced her, and dried up her tears. What is the matter, what is the matter with you, my dear Lidy? ſaid I. You are undone, Miſs, ſaid ſhe, her tears guſhing forth with double violence; undone, ruined, ſunk for ever! Abandoned to the wide world! without parents, without friends, without fortune, without any ſupport. O Lady Sarah! O my dear miſtreſs! Look down from heaven, and protect your unfortunate daughter!

I felt a dreadful ſhock at hearing thoſe words, *ruined*, *ſunk for ever*; nevertheleſs, I was very far from comprehending them in all their circumſtances of horror. I intreated

Lidy to explain herſelf: I waited for her explanation with trembling; but her cries, her tears, her oppreſſion of mind, deprived her of the power of utterance. She could only explain herſelf by groans, and paſſionate invocations: O Lady Sarah! O Lord Edward! She repeated over and over, ſave and protect the unfortunate Jenny.

The violence of her tears having ſomewhat compoſed the extreme agitations and emotions of her mind, ſhe at length diſcovered to me the ſecret of my birth. After a very circumſtantial detail with regard to the melancholy ſtate of my parents; Sir Humphrey, ſhe continued, the truſtee of your fortune, lived for ſome time in great intimacy with Mrs. Lardner. She was the wife of a lieutenant in the regiment of guards: whoſe intriguing ſpirit and irregular conduct, brought him into ſuch ill circumſtances as obliged him to quit England, and go to the plantations. Mrs. Lardner ſolicited the Earl of Revel's patronage, to procure ſome employment for her huſband there. Sir Humphrey whom his Lordſhip ſent to acquaint her with his intentions to provide for Lardner, had the misfortune to find charms in her which he had not power to reſiſt. He loved her, flattered himſelf that he was agreeable to her, and in the courſe of ten years, his affection towards her was not in the leaſt abated: Nevertheleſs he

had no reaſon to boaſt of her complaiſance; ſhe treated him with haughtineſs, and gave him frequent occaſions to ſuſpect her fidelity. But a vicious inclination is often maintained, nay animated, by the very circumſtance which would deſtroy the ſentiment in a mind of any delicacy.

Whether habit had rendered her neceſſary to Sir Humphrey, or whether ſhe had the art of concealing thoſe defects which might have diſguſted him, from the time of Lord Revel's death, they dwelt in the ſame houſe, and lived in the cloſeſt intimacy. A very handſome annuity which Sir Humphrey held from the Earl's generoſity, and two little eſtates in Ireland furniſhed them with a competent income, managed with œconomy.

His deſire of obliging miſtreſs Lardner, induced him to diſpoſe of his patrimony, he ſold it; and juſt as he was going to ſettle the produce of it upon his miſtreſs, one of his friends who had enriched himſelf by inſuring ſhips, perſuaded him to try that means of increaſing his capital. His purſuing this advice, proved of fatal conſequence. Three ſhips which Sir Humphrey inſured before the declaration of war, were taken on their return home. The news of this loſs, with the utter impoſſibility of repairing it, together with the regret of loſing the only means of ſecuring

ing Mrs. Lardner's attachment, had thrown him into a bad ſtate of health for ſix months paſt; by degrees, his melancholy ſettled into an abſolute decline. While he was in this languid condition, his miſtreſs, who thought of nothing but herſelf and her own intereſt, was induſtrious in collecting all the papers which ſhe intended to conceal from his heirs, and which ſhe might embezzle if Sir Humphrey's illneſs became dangerous. Chance guided her in this reſearch, which is the fatal cauſe of our ruin.

Among other ſtrengthening medicines preſcribed to Sir Humphrey, he was adviſed to take Hanover powder. In a private neſt of drawers at the bottom of his eſcrutore, where he kept his moſt precious effects, there was a ſmall quantity of this powder. He never entruſted any body with the keys. His weakneſs confining him to his bed, he gave them to Mrs. Lardner, and directed her to the place where ſhe would find this powder. Not meeting with the box immediately, ſhe removed a heap of papers, and under them found ſome looſe jewels, and afterwards diſcovered a letter caſe, half open, from whence three or four bank bills dropped out. Theſe diſcoveries ſurprized her; but not having time then to ſatisfy her curioſity, ſhe puſhed the drawer in, without ſhutting it, and waited till night for an opportunity of examining

the contents. The bills upon the public funds, of which the letter caſe was full, made her conſider the ſlight gratuities ſhe received from Sir Humphrey as an indication of his indifference or avarice. Her mind being already wicked and corrupt, ſhe began to entertain a hatred againſt him, on reflecting how much he had limited his generoſity towards her, when he had it ſo much in his power to have extended it. She imagined that the taking of the ſhips was but an idle pretence, to avoid making an inconſiderable ſettlement for her benefit; and ſhe thought herſelf treated unjuſtly. A bad diſpoſition never wants pretences to juſtify the moſt criminal reſolutions. She breathed nothing but revenge, and being determined to deprive Sir Humphrey of a fortune which he would not allow her to enjoy, ſhe that very night took away all the effects which were your property, and in their ſtead left a long letter, in which ſhe explained the reaſons which influenced her to commit this infamous action. One of her relations went off with her, and they have not yet been able to overtake them.

I went to London on the receipt of a letter from Sir Humphrey. He told me nothing, but gave me room to apprehend every thing. I found him in a dreadful condition. His confidence and tenderneſs ſo cruelly betrayed,

trayed, the regret of having been ſo long abuſed, your ruin, of which he accuſes himſelf, together with the weak ſtate to which his illneſs had already reduced him, all together have affected his underſtanding. It was with difficulty I learned, from his broken and confuſed account, the melancholy adventure I have juſt now related; I obtained more information from the letter which the miſerable wretch left behind her, than from him. His intellects grew worſe and worſe. I left him almoſt in a ſtate of childhood; upon certain confuſed recollections, he gives way to piteous lamentations, and ſometimes diſſolves in tears. His recovery is deſpaired of; if he lives, in this condition, you can expect no relief from him; if he dies, you are without a friend in the world.

Imagine to yourſelf, Madam, what emotions I muſt have felt, during this aſtoniſhing narrative. To learn that I was nothing, that I had no dependence on any one, that ſo many beings round me might all abandon me, without my having a right to complain, without any obligation on a ſingle creature to aſſwage my miſery, or even intereſt themſelves in my diſtreſs! How affecting are the firſt ſtrokes of grief! How vaſtly they extend our ideas! A croud of reflections thronged into my mind. I found myſelf in the ſituation of a traveller, who ſhould of a ſudden

find the earth ſink under his feet. In the midſt of this gloomy contemplation, I caſt my eye on Lady Sarah's picture. The ſight of it affected me violently. I fell upon my knees, ſtretched forth my arms towards the picture, and looking at it as if I had never beheld it before: O my mother, O my dear mother! You are then no more, ſaid I, burſting into tears. I am doomed then never to ſee you! The arms of a tender mother will never embrace the unfortunate Jenny. She will never be the object of a father's affectionate careſſes; ſhe is deſtined to communicate joy to no one! No one will participate, no one will mitigate the rigour of her fate! Ah, what kind hand will wipe away my tears? What boſom will be open to the cries of my afflicted heart!

Lidy, ſhocked at theſe melancholy exclamations, knelt down by me. Dear Miſs, ſaid ſhe, lift your innocent eyes up toward heaven; implore the protection of the Almighty, walk in his ways, and his bleſſings will attend you. Lord Alderſon is yet alive: Time perhaps may have corrected his haughtineſs, taken off the edge of his reſentment, and altered his diſpoſition. He has been hitherto a ſtranger to the fate of his unhappy daughter; when he learns it, he will perhaps be pleaſed to find a relation in you, whoſe tender aſſiduities may adminiſter comfort to him in

his

his old age. I will conduct you to him; your misfortune cannot fail to move him. Should he prove inflexible, I am yet young enough to work; having been in a ſituation to live at my eaſe, I have had no occaſion for induſtry, but my zeal and friendſhip will give me ſtrength and ability; I can eaſily procure you all the neceſſaries of life. My attachment to you ſhall never, no, never forſake you.

Ah my dear Lidy, my only friend, ſaid I, throwing myſelf into her arms, I have no dependence but on you in the world, on heaven and you. Guide me, and inſtruct me. I will participate of all your cares; you are my ſiſter, my ſupport, my comfort. Ah, I have only you, I repeated again, claſping her to my boſom, do not deſert me, never forſake me! She could only anſwer by the moſt affectionate careſſes. We paſſed the remainder of the day in weeping, and exchanging mutual aſſurances to live and die together.

On the morrow, Lidy put my mother's papers into my hand. With what emotion did I run over them, how many tears did I ſhed on account of my father's cruel fate! How fond did I become of his memory! I kiſſed his letters reſpectfully, and bathed thoſe ſheets with my tears whereon Lady Sarah

had expreſſed her affection for him. The impreſſion I received, when I firſt read theſe letters, will never be effaced from my recollection, it ſtruck me deeply with ſentiments of the moſt tender and heart-felt compaſſion. It engraved in my mind a love and reſpect for the memories of Edward and Sarah. And ſhall paultry intereſt and empty honours now prevail over ſuch filial piety? Ah, Madam, I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, if I thought that I was capable of renouncing ſuch ſentiments.

I was under a neceſſity of coming to a reſolution, and that ſpeedily. I had ſixty guineas left, which was a ſum to be managed with œconomy. I paid twelve guineas a month where I boarded. Lidy, knowing the impoſſibility of defraying ſuch expence, had hired a lodging in London conditionally, at Mrs. Mabel's her ſiſter. She aſked me if I would go thither. Mrs. Mabel, who had been a widow about two years, carried on her huſband's buſineſs. She made and ſold ribbons, edgings, and ſeveral other commodities in ſilk. Lidy propoſed to learn the trade, with a view to work at it, and to pay a moderate ſum for my board, that I might not be under a neceſſity of working. Her affectionate kindneſs induced her to conceal from me this part of the agreement which

ſhe

ſhe had already made with her ſiſter, for fear leſt I ſhould oppoſe her reſolution of working alone for our ſubſiſtence. Being reſolved to follow her advice, I conſented to go to Mrs. Mabel's, and wait an opportunity of throwing myſelf on Lord Alderſon's protection.

I acquainted my companions with my intention of leaving them. I pretended that it was in conſequence of an order I received from my parents, who were on their way to England, and deſired me to wait their arrival in London. I found an extreme reluctance to quit that houſe, where I had paſſed ſo many happy and tranquil hours. My parting with Miſs Clifford was affecting. As I was leaving her, I recollected Sir James. He had written to me on the road; but my then diſpoſition of mind would not allow me to think of him. I deſired Miſs Clifford to receive his letters, to open them, and even anſwer them if ſhe pleaſed. We promiſed to write to each other often, and mutually to communicate whatever was intereſting to either. It was my deſign to maintain a punctual correſpondence with her. But a ſenſeleſs and ill grounded pride, which makes us bluſh at poverty, induced me to break my engagement; I had not the fortitude to let Miſs Clifford know into what a houſe my ill fortune had obliged me to retreat.

On

On my arrival at London, I was ſtruck with the moſt melancholy reflections. Lidy's ſiſter had not education, nor gentleneſs of manners. Every thing in her houſe diſpleaſed me and diſguſted me. I quitted an apartment which was rather ſpacious, and handſomely furniſhed; as it was open to a proſpect over an extenſive country, its ſituation was as healthy as it was agreeable. I now found myſelf reduced to a ſmall gloomy room, and a little cloſet appropriated to Lidy. In the room of thoſe agreeable young ladies, with whom I aſſociated at Oxford, the daughters of low mechanicks, whoſe ſentiments were more groſs than their converſation, were now my only companions, whenever my irkſome condition forced me to court ſociety. Having been accuſtomed to a neat and cleanly table, I could not ſeat myſelf at Mrs. Mabel's table without repugnance; every thing inſpired me with diſguſt, and frequently drew tears from my eyes; the hope of finding ſome relief from Lord Alderſon's bounty, was the only conſideration which ſupported me, and prevented my ſinking under the weight of affliction, which I felt from ſo great a change of my condition.

I preſſed Lidy to go to him, and to acquaint Lady Sarah's father with the melancholy fate of the unhappy orphan who derived exiſtence from her; but ſhe was too well acquainted

quainted with Lord Alderſon, not to dread making her appearance before him. A thouſand reflections ſhe made on his Lordſhip's diſpoſition, contributed from time to time, to deſtroy the conſolatory hope of obtaining his protection, and intereſting him in my favour. She recollected, with a kind of horrour, the haughtineſs and inflexibility of his nature. Witneſs his inhumanity during Lady Sarah's illneſs, his hatred of Edward, a hatred ſo unjuſtly founded! She trembled to think what a reception he might afford their daughter. I argued againſt her fears. Is it poſſible, ſaid I, to harbour everlaſting reſentment? Will not the heart grow weary of entertaining hatred? The affecting narrative of my mother's melancholy exit, will move his Lordſhip. My features will recall to his mind, the image of his unhappy daughter. I am young, poor, deſerted, without hope, without ſupport! Who can have a ſtronger claim to pity! Who can have more title to excite compaſſion!

I then judged of the inward feelings of mankind, by the ſenſations of my own mind. Could I imagine that there exiſted in nature, beings who were inſenſible to the pure and delightful pleaſure of ſuccouring the diſtreſſed, of reviving a heart oppreſſed with ſorrow, and of hearing the welcome expreſſions of gratitude echo in their ears. I was conſcious that

my

my ſenſibility would have reliſhed ſuch exquiſite delight; my own experience convinced me that, to enjoy the happineſs of diffuſing chearfulneſs around us, it was ſufficient to be poſſeſſed of riches, by the diſtribution of which a generous mind delights to correct the inequality of fortune.

I was miſtaken, Madam! The mournful cries of adverſity ſeldom affect thoſe who are in affluent circumſtances; it is on a narrow fortune, it is in a middling ſtation which leaves us ſomething to want, which ſubjects us to reſtraint and continual ſelf-denial, that we look down with compaſſion on thoſe whoſe wants are ſtill greater than our own. If we can relieve their diſtreſs by only confining ourſelves within narrower limits, our conſtant habit of ſelf-denial inclines us to extend our generoſity to them, and makes us reliſh the delight of relieving the mind of another from that uneaſineſs which ſo often diſquiets our own.

Lidy was contriving how to gratify my requeſt by preſenting me to Lord Alderſon, when chance threw Mrs. Hammon in her way, who had been her fellow ſervant when ſhe waited on Lady Sarah. Probably, Madam, you may recollect her; ſhe had brought her up, and waited on her at the boarding-ſchool where you was with Lady Sarah. Lidy im-

immediately recollected her. After ſome explanations on both ſides, Mrs. Hammon remembered her likewiſe, and acquainted her that his Lordſhip, tired of his ſeat at Alderſon, had left it, and ſpent one half of the year in London, and the other in viſiting ſeveral country ſeats which he had near town. She added likewiſe, that of all his old ſervants, ſhe was the only one remaining with him. She then expreſſed ſome curioſity accompanied with a ſtrong appearance of affection, to know what was become of Lady Sarah, being no ſtranger to the ſuppoſition of her having died at Calais. Her queſtions affected Lidy; ſhe acquainted her that the loſs of Lord Edward had occaſioned the death of their miſtreſs. Mrs. Hammon ſympathized with her in her grief and regret, and ſeemed to preſerve ſuch a regard and attachment to my mother's memory, that Lidy began to think ſhe might be of uſe in forwarding our deſigns. She ſhewed her where ſhe lived, and invited her to drink tea in the evening. Mrs. Hammon received the invitation with pleaſure, and came punctually.

The moment ſhe came in, ſhe looked at me earneſtly. After ſome moments converſation, Lady Sarah's picture ſtruck her eyes. She ſtarted when ſhe beheld it, ſhe viewed it with cloſe attention; and claſping her hands together in a moving manner: O my dear,

my

my lovely young miſtreſs, ſaid ſhe, is this all that remains of you!

This exclamation moved me extremely; I could not reſtrain my tears. Ah, my God, who is that charming young lady? ſaid Mrs. Hammon to Lidy. Her features, her graceful deportment, the dignity of her air, her tears. . . . . Alas! Is it poſſible for my ſuſpicions to be true! Lidy aſſured her that ſhe was not miſtaken, if ſhe looked upon me as the daughter of their unfortunate miſtreſs.

I ſhould give but a faint deſcription, Madam, of the tender and unaffected tranſports of an honeſt heart, ſincerely touched and affected by the melancholy degraded ſtate, to which the daughter of the Duke of Saliſbury and Lady Alderſon was then reduced. What reſpect, what tears, what careſſes, intermixed with encomiums on Lord Edward and Lady Sarah! What regret did ſhe expreſs at the loſs of them! How many kind and ſincere offers did ſhe make, what eagerneſs did ſhe ſhew, to be acquainted in what way ſhe might be of ſervice to me. When the firſt emotions of this zealous and affectionate creature were ſomewhat abated, Lidy informed her of the accidents which had befallen my mother, acquainted her with my preſent ſituation, and aſked her advice, confeſſing the extreme perplexity ſhe was under at the very thought

thought of ſeeing Alderſon, much more ſpeaking to him, and preſenting to him a daughter of Lady Sarah's.

Without having the leaſt doubt with regard to my birth, Mrs. Hammon nevertheleſs examined into the proofs of it, they did not appear to her ſufficiently ſtrong to convince his Lordſhip that I was the offspring of his daughter. Mrs. Larkin was dead, and the actual inſanity of Sir Humphrey deprived me of the two only witneſſes whoſe teſtimony could be of any weight. An application unſupported by proof of my parentage, would render my pretenſions ineffectual. It ſeemed evident, that when Lord Revel took the charge of my fortune, he judged it unneceſſary to leave me a diſputable title to effects, from whence I could never recover any thing adequate to what his generoſity had provided for me. My mother's manuſcript was but a ſlight evidence in my favour. The delicacy of her expreſſions caſt a veil of obſcurity over the moſt material circumſtances. Her tenderneſs for Edward, which was expreſſed in every line, was more likely to prejudice Lord Alderſon againſt her memory, than to revive paternal ſentiments in his heart. Age and infirmity, ſaid ſhe, ſo far from ſoftening his rigour and haughtineſs, have added all the diſagreeable effects of ill temper to the natural inflexibility of his diſpoſition.

As

As ſhe was his houſe-keeper, and miſtreſs of his confidence, ſhe was perfectly acquainted with him.

The account ſhe gave, deſtroyed all my hopes; a melancholy proſpect opened to my view; I grew pale; and, turning towards Lidy, I wept bitterly. Mrs. Hammon concerned to ſee how much her juſt obſervations affected me, endeavoured to find out ſpecious reaſons to deſtroy the influence of her firſt objections. By refuſing to read the letters which were ſent to him at Alderſon, ſaid ſhe, my Lord is ſtill uncertain whether Lady Sarah be dead or alive. Perhaps he would be glad to receive intelligence, which his hatred to Lord Revel would not allow him to inquire after from that nobleman; it may be proper to ſound his inclinations in this reſpect, and to regulate our conduct accordingly.

Ah, ſaid Lidy, who will venture to contradict, in his Lordſhip's preſence, a report which he ſpread himſelf? Who will maintain before him that his unhappy daughter did not die at Calais? What a ſtorm would ſuch preſumption raiſe? Which of us could ſtand without trembling againſt the clamour of his voice, and the violence of his rage. I, ſaid Mrs. Hammon, I ſerve him with zeal and fidelity; but though I am juſt to

my

my duty, I am not attached to his perſon. His bad diſpoſition forbids me to entertain a friendſhip for him. The advantages I reap in his family are not of ſuch conſideration in my eſteem, as the welfare of Lady Sarah's daughter, and I would readily ſacrifice them all to the delight of ſeeing her happily ſettled. But let us do nothing raſhly; let us endeavour to enſure the ſucceſs of our deſires, and not hazard any imprudent meaſures. A thought, ſhe continued, is juſt come into my head; my Lord is at preſent in Leiceſterſhire; I have orders to go down, and wait his arrival at his ſeat at Windſor; he propoſes to be there towards the end of next month. The ſeaſon begins to grow mild, I would have you both come to Windſor with me; Miſs has need of amuſement; that agreeable ſpot will afford her entertainment. There we may reflect on this important buſineſs at our leiſure. Sir Humphrey perhaps may recover his ſtrength and his underſtanding; perhaps heaven may deign to point out to us the means of ſucceſs, which our ſhort ſighted views cannot diſcover.

I readily agreed to accompany them. The next morning we all three ſet out for Windſor. My Lord's ſeat was near the foreſt; and, as Mrs. Hammon had aſſured us, preſented a moſt agreeable proſpect:

END of PART I.

THE HISTORY OF MISS JENNY;

WRITTEN BY HERSELF,

And addreſſed to the Counteſs of Roscommon, the Lady of the ENGLISH Ambaſſador at the Court of DENMARK.

PART II.

THE

HISTORY

OF

MISS JENNY.

THE delightful ſituation of his Lordſhip's ſeat, brought Lord Clare's gardens to my mind, and made me reflect what a difference there was in my condition in ſo ſhort a time. Nevertheleſs, the clearneſs of the air, the beauty of the walks, together with the tender and affectionate ſolicitude of Mrs. Hammon, contributed to aſſwage my grief. The perplexing cares which ſpring from poverty, are not attended with thoſe ſharp ſtings which inceſſantly goad the mind, doomed to endure the torments which ariſe from reflection. The heavy preſſure of ſuch

inquietude keeps the mind in a conſtant ſtate of dejection, and deſtroys in it all kind of ſenſibility; but the troubleſome idea of ill fortune, being ſometimes baniſhed from our thoughts, ſuffers us to enjoy momentary pleaſures, and does not render us incapable of indulging that degree of diſſipation, which chance or the aſſiduity of a friend may afford us.

We paſſed three weeks in conſulting among us the proper means of making Lord Alderſon acquainted with his daughter's fate, and with my exiſtence, without enraging him. I abſolutely rejected every expedient which might expoſe Mrs. Hammon to forfeit his good will towards her, I would not incur the riſk of ſo ſevere a reproach. Of all misfortunes, that of having occaſioned the ruin of an obliging friend, is the only one whoſe bitterneſs is proof againſt time.

We had not yet concluded on any meaſures, when my Lord ſurprized us, and anticipated the time we expected. Chance happened to throw me in his way, where I could not poſſibly avoid meeting him. I curtſeyed to him; and he was ſtruck with my perſon, which was ſomewhat diſtinguiſhed. He made me a low bow, ſtopped to let me paſs him, followed me with his eyes, then enquired to whom I belonged, and how I come into his houſe.

Mrs.

Mrs. Hammon ſatisfied his curioſity, without departing far from the truth. Miſs Jenny Glanville, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, is a young orphan, brought up in affluence, with the certainty of a handſome fortune, now reduced, by her guardian's imprudence, to ſeek protection abroad, and would think herſelf happy if her talents, her diſpoſition, and her agreeable perſon, ſhould recommend her to the notice of ſome lady of faſhion, or ſome rich citizen's wife, who would condeſcend to take her into their family in the capacity of an humble companion; a melancholy reſource for a young lady of noble extraction, and who, but three months ago, was worth twenty thouſand pounds ſterling. To this narrative, ſhe added every circumſtance, which ſhe thought likely to make him deſirous of knowing me, and willing to ſerve me. Lord Alderſon, who knew that ſhe was naturally zealous in behalf of thoſe whom ſhe deemed objects of compaſſion, was not ſurprized at the warmth of her expreſſions. He commended her for having afforded me an aſylum, applauded her benevolence, gave her permiſſion to keep me there, wiſhed that they might find ſome ſuitable proviſion for me, pitied me, and changed the diſcourſe.

Some time paſſed before I had an opportunity of ſeeing Lord Alderſon. One evening, he came down ſtairs and found me with

Mrs. Hammon. He called to her, and gave her ſome directions. Happening to turn his eyes towards me, I made him a moſt low obeiſance. A ſlight inclination of his head was all the return he thought proper to make a girl who, though of noble extraction, was not poſſeſſed of thoſe ſtriking advantages which make a figure in the eſtimation of the world.

The remarkable difference of his ſalutation ſtruck me; and gave me a kind of mortification, which did not proceed from pride alone. I found myſelf affected: I was ſo much concerned at the little attention his Lordſhip paid to me, that I inſenſibly drew near the door oppoſite to that where he ſtood, and went out of the room. Mrs. Hammon, ſaid he, raiſing his voice, I ſhould be ſorry to diſturb your young friend, call her back, I am going to leave you. She obeyed, but I made no anſwer, and haſtened towards a walk in the garden, where I gave vent to my tears, without being able at that time to account for the ſentiment which drew them from me.

Mrs. Hammon took this opportunity of ſpeaking about me once more to his Lordſhip. She gave him a very affecting deſcription of my ſituation, and ſhe extolled my talents exceedingly. She tried to make him

him desirous of amusing himself with me at least. He was passionately fond of musick, and I understood it tolerably well. He heard her without seeming weary of the discourse, but without shewing that it made any impression upon him, and presently left her, repeating as he went away, Call her back, I will not disturb her.

Two days after this conversation passed, his Lordship one morning asked Mrs. Hammon, if she could not procure him the pleasure of hearing me play on the harpsichord, and sing a few airs. She ran to me transported with joy. He wants to see you, Miss, said she, he has a desire of hearing you, and heaven no doubt has inspired him with this desire. Be not ashamed to comply with his Lordship's inclinations. Employ your wit to divert him, your talents to amuse him, make yourself necessary to him, that if possible he may never wish to have you out of his sight. Dear Miss, perhaps this moment may determine your future felicity.

It was unnecessary to persuade me to pay due deference to Lord Alderson; the very sight of him made an impression on me. His Lordship's noble and majestick appearance, the venerable cast which age gave to his features, which were still comely enough to be admired; the pleasure of looking for the first

time, upon a perſon to whom I was allied by blood, who, though not obliged by law to afford me protection, was yet bound by the ties of nature to pity me, to love me, and to provide for me; a thouſand circumſtances concurred to make his preſence affecting, and diſpoſed me to reſpect and oblige Lady Sarah's father.

Mrs. Hammon conducted me into the drawing room where his Lordſhip waited for me. He received me with politeneſs. After apologizing for the longing he had to hear me, and for the trouble he ſhould give me, he deſired me to ſit down to the harpſichord. I obeyed. While I was playing, his Lordſhip ſeemed ſurprized at my command of finger, and when I ſung he ſeemed delighted with the ſweetneſs and modulation of my voice. After theſe encomiums on me, he extolled the compoſer of a little piece which had pleaſed him exceedingly, he took notice of the difference of taſte with regard to harmony, and expatiated on the ſubject with a great deal of ſkill. He recounted ſeveral particulars which occurred in his travels through France and Italy, countries, ſaid he, where diſputes frequently ariſe concerning the preference which each nation challenges in this reſpect. I heard him with great attention, one obſervation naturally introduced another; his diſcourſe was connective, and before he had

had finiſhed, a ſervant acquainted him that dinner was upon table. I made a motion to withdraw, but he detained me, and deſired my company to dinner. Mrs. Hammon had haſtened it, in hopes to obtain me this honour. During the repaſt his Lordſhip preſerved an air of chearfulneſs. He ordered his coach to be ready at five, and ſeemed ſorry that he was obliged to go out that evening: When he left me, he returned me thanks for the agreeable entertainment I had afforded him.

This happy beginning preſented a ſmiling proſpect. Nevertheleſs Lidy could never entertain the hopes which Mrs. Hammon conceived. She induſtriouſly avoided meeting with his Lordſhip, and trembled for the conſequences both to herſelf and me, the moment that he learned from whom I derived my exiſtence. The next day, about dinner time, I received a meſſage that his Lordſhip deſired my company. Delighted with this invitation, I ran to his apartment. I was received as one whoſe preſence was welcome. After dinner I played on the harpſichord, and I did not leave him till the hour he uſually withdrew to ſleep. Every day advanced me in Lord Alderſon's favour. I had already received ſome ſlight inſtances of his partiality. At the re-

queſt of his chaplain, I preſented to him the humble petition of his tenants. I obliged every one in the houſe; the reſpect of his ſervants increaſed towards me in proportion to the diſtinction which their maſter paid me. They began to ſay in private; *Miſs Jenny will ſoon be Lady Alderſon.* They thought his Lordſhip ſtrongly attached to my perſon. Such as were of that opinion, did not know how far they who amuſe the great by their complaiſance, are capable of engaging their minds, without affecting their hearts.

I lived above a month in this kind of intimacy with his Lordſhip. I dined at his table, and paſſed a conſiderable part of the day with him, without his ever condeſcending to aſk me a ſingle queſtion concerning the melancholy ſtate of my fortune, without his deſiring to know the particulars of my diſtreſs, or the reſources I might ſtill have left. A humour in his eyes prevented him from taking his uſual walk for ſome time. The ſhutters of his apartment were almoſt cloſed, and made the room ſo dark, that I could ſcarcely read the difficult pieces which he loved to hear me play. After ſome time he was cured, and was glad to find himſelf at liberty to walk over his gardens, and enjoy the improvements which had been lately made.

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One morning he ſent to deſire that I would take a walk with him. I attended him to the brink of a piece of water, where a number of water-fowls played around, and were uſed to come on the ſlighteſt ſignal to ſcramble for corn which was thrown to them. This place was vaſtly expoſed, there was no ſhade near it. His Lordſhip had never before viewed me with ſuch attention, nor had ſuch an opportunity of examining my perſon. He retreated from me in a kind of ſurprize, lifted up his hands, and ſaid ſomething in broken accents, of which I readily collected the meaning. He drew near me again, then retired once more, then again advanced towards me, and looked at me ſtedfaſtly without uttering a word. At length, leaning over the balluſtrade which went round the baſon, he held down his head over the water, and ſaid: What features, what a likeneſs, what an aſtoniſhing reſemblance!

How was my heart agitated, Madam! His Lordſhip diſcovered my reſemblance to Lady Sarah; it ſtruck him, but his ſurprize was not intermixed with any tincture of tenderneſs. The ſeverity of his looks chilled me. Agitated and uneaſy, I ſaid not a word, and waited with trembling in hopes that his Lordſhip would break this awful ſilence himſelf.

His countenance which became ſo gloomy in an inſtant, ſeemed to brighten by degrees. He turned towards me, and made a kind of apology for his abſent fit. You have ſtruck me, ſaid he, with a lively recollection of a perſon whoſe memory is odious to me. Your features reſemble hers, but I hope you are not deſtined to imitate her conduct, and I pray heaven to ſecure you from her frailty. We continued our walk, and my Lord for the firſt time enquired when I had loſt my parents, by what accident I was deprived of my fortune, and what was my father's rank and eſtate.

Having been pre-inſtructed what anſwers to return, I might eaſily have ſatisfied him without betraying myſelf; but being unaccuſtomed to diſguiſe the truth, I heſitated, my perplexity appeared in the very tone of my voice, and I endeavoured to turn the converſation from a ſubject which ſeemed to do violence to the ſincerity of my nature. His Lordſhip went in much ſooner than he ſeemed to have intended; under pretence of being weary and wanting to compoſe himſelf, he quitted me ſomewhat abruptly.

I concluded myſelf undone. Mrs. Hammon and Lidy likewiſe imagined that he was going to withdraw his favour from me. Nevertheleſs at dinner time, I received a meſſage

as uſual, that he deſired my company. I perceived no alteration in his countenance, but he talked to me leſs, and obſerved me more. That which ſhould have made me more dear to his affections, alienated them from me. I often found his behaviour cool and grave. For ſeveral days he bowed when he roſe from table, and withdrew with a kind of precipitation, as if he was afraid leſt I ſhould follow him. Theſe appearances deſtroyed my hopes, afflicted Mrs. Hammon, and confirmed Lidy in the opinion that it would be imprudent to diſcover my birth, and acquaint him with a ſecret which would only make him my enemy.

His Lordſhip was ſeized with a ſlight fever, attended with a violent fit of the gout. Notwithſtanding the coolneſs with which he had treated me ſince our walk, my affection towards him was not in the leaſt impaired. His cries went to my heart. Eager in ſharing with Mrs. Hammon the office of aſſiſting him, and waiting with aſſiduity near his bed, I flew to execute his orders. When I heard him complain aloud of the acute pains he endured, I could not refrain my tears. As he grew better, he appeared to remember my aſſiduity, and ſeemed ſenſible of the ſolicitude with which I endeavoured to amuſe him during his illneſs. He began to walk about the room and to gather ſtrength. I was moſt

ſincerely glad of his happy recovery, and often expreſſed it. I thought that he ſeemed pleaſed with the tender and unaffected proofs of my attachment, and my friendſhip towards him grew ſtronger.

As I was alone with him one day, I was reading a French book which had been juſt ſent him, and which ſeemed to entertain him greatly. Happening to drop a Decanter out of his hands, I endeavoured to catch it, and ſave it from the ground. As I was ſtooping haſtily, a ribbon, to which my father's picture hung, and which was ſomewhat tight about my neck, broke; upon which I imprudently took it from my neck. The picture, which was concealed in my boſom, appearing, it excited his Lordſhip's curioſity, he deſired to ſee it, and made a motion to take it.

My bluſhes, the extreme perplexity which was viſible in my countenance, my conſternation and fright immediately ſtruck Lord Alderſon. He ſeized the picture, and eaſily ſnatched it out of my feeble hand; fear had chilled my blood, had rendered me dumb, and almoſt lifeleſs.

Hatred, as well as love, impreſſes ideas deeply in the memory. My Lord immediately recollected Edward's picture. He

cried out in a faint tone, and then gave way to the following exclamations. Where am I? ſaid he. What ſnares would they lay for me? What vile conſpiracy are they forming againſt me? Her ſtriking reſemblance to Lady Sarah, and this picture have no doubt ſuggeſted to ſome low minds the ſcheme of impoſing on me, of mocking my old age, of deceiving me. . . . . Moved by a violent impulſe, I threw myſelf at his feet, ſeized one of his hands, preſſed and kiſſed it; and the powerful ſentiment which inſpired me, giving me courage to ſpeak: My Lord, ſaid I, no ſnares are ſpread for you; you are not impoſed upon. Forgive me, ah! forgive an unfortunate girl who implores your pity, do not puniſh me for placing my hopes in you: It is Lady Sarah's daughter; it is your own who ſighs at your feet; ah! do not hate me! I do not deſerve your hatred.

My tears obliged me to break off. With the hand which I left him at liberty, my Lord tried to puſh me from him. But throwing my arms around him, embracing him eagerly; Deprive me of life, ſaid I; but do not overwhelm me by your anger and ſcorn; do not turn away from a poor deſerted girl, who is more affected by your diſdain, than by her misfortunes. No, it is no longer a protector, it is a parent whom I look for in you! I reſpect you, I love you! The firſt ſight of you in-

inſpired my heart with a ſentiment never felt before, and made me more ſolicitous to be indebted to your affection than to your generoſity. Looks of leſs ſeverity, one endearing expreſſion which you might condeſcend to honour me with, would be more dear and welcome to me than the recovery of my fortune. Call me your daughter! Allow me for once, but for once, to give you the name of father, and I ſhall think myſelf happy!

He tried again to puſh me from him.; No, no, ſaid I, you ſhall not eſcape from me! My heart is attached to you for ever. Ah! do not diſcard me from your preſence, do not baniſh me from your houſe; no matter in what capacity I ſtay here; well ſatisfied with continuing near you, I will revere you as my father, or will ſerve you as my maſter, if you require it.

If my oppreſſion of heart had not ſtifled my voice, I could have ſaid much more. His Lordſhip ſtood motionleſs with rage, and had not power to interrupt me. At length he gave vent to his paſſion; he forced himſelf from my arms, and aſſuming that dreadful tone, which made him appear ſo terrible to the wretch whoſe fate depended on his will: Audacious girl, ſaid he, dare you pretend to be of my family? Ha! What if you was . . . . tremble, ſhudder, dread the juſt puniſhment

niſhment of your falſehood and audacity. To call yourſelf my daughter, mine! Ha! Who are you? Some vile outcaſt perhaps . . . . But why ſhould I call to mind circumſtances ſo melancholy and mortifying! Ah, Madam, with what inhumanity was I treated! I bluſh even now when I recollect the expreſſions which that artful and hard-hearted man made uſe of; they convinced me too well that he believed me his daughter, but his hatred to my parents extended even to me.

He called for Mrs. Hammon, and examined her with an imperious tone. Being informed by her that Lidy was in the houſe, he ſent for her, loaded her with menaces, called her by the harſheſt names, charged us all three with an infamous conſpiracy, formed in concert to deceive him; he would attend to nothing, he would hear nothing; he treated them as impoſtors, and affected to conſider their repreſentations as ſo many baſe forgeries and ſcandalous falſehoods, invented with an infamous deſign to blacken Lady Sarah's memory; and build my fortune and their own on the ruins of her reputation. Methinks even now I ſee them both proſtrate at the feet of this cruel tyrant: while I was reſting my head on the chair which he had quitted, hiding my face and my tears, ſtriving in vain to ſuppreſs my groans, and dread-

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ing my Lord's diſdainful looks worſe than death.

Save the innocent and unfortunate daughter of my dear miſtreſs, ſaid Lidy to him, ſave her from the dangers to which ſhe muſt be expoſed when abandoned by every one. Ah, why, my Lord, wherefore ſhould I attempt to deceive you! Have I any intereſt in imploring your bounty? Alas! I do not deſire to partake of it: Born to poverty, I can, without any hardſhip, live by the fruit of my labour. But Miſs, brought up in affluence, has not learned to ſupport wretchedneſs and abaſement. I ſwear in the preſence of heaven, I do not deceive you, it is Lady Sarah's daughter whoſe tears you behold, whoſe ſighs you hear; will you refuſe her ſhelter? Make her condition ſecure. . . . . Ah! had your Lordſhip condeſcended to have read your daughter's, your dying daughter's letter, you would not now have charged me with an attempt to impoſe a forgery upon you!

This, which was a kind of reproach, inflamed Lord Alderſon's wrath. He grew outrageous . . . But ſuffer me, Madam, to ſhorten the account of this hateful ſcene. Expelled with indignity from his preſence and from his houſe, treated as wretches who made an attempt on his honour, his fortune,

and

and perhaps his life, we all three quitted his ſeat, never to return again. My only comfort, under ſuch mortifying diſgrace, was to ſee Mrs. Hammon ſettled ſtill more advantageouſly with a lady who had wanted her for ſome time. Being obliged to attend her miſtreſs to Ireland, ſhe wrote to me conſtantly. When I found myſelf in a condition to make ſome return for her friendſhip, I heard with concern that ſhe was dead.

I returned to London in a ſituation of mind difficult to deſcribe. They are compleatly miſerable, Madam, whoſe imagination does not preſent them with the leaſt hope; even that vague and diſtant hope which amuſes the mind, leaves us at leaſt the ſatisfaction of planning ſchemes, and looking towards future times which we flatter ourſelves will be leſs diſtreſsful.

The firſt days after this ſevere trial, I endeavoured to ſubmit to the melancholy condition to which I found myſelf reduced. I tried to comfort Lidy, and to employ myſelf to ſome advantage as ſhe did. But that talent which enabled me with eaſe to make myſelf miſtreſs of ornamental accompliſhments, forſook me when I was under a neceſſity of learning new leſſons. My fingers, which could run over the keys of a harpſichord with ſuch agility, were awkward at mixing

mixing the different aſſortments of the ſilks. I forgot my inſtructions every moment, and my diſlike to the companions of my labour, made this apprenticeſhip intolerable to me.

On my arrival from Oxford, Mrs. Mabel adviſed Lidy to endeavour to fix me with ſome lady about court, or with ſome wealthy citizen's wife. Many women, ſhe obſerved, would be glad of a young perſon fit to accompany them in public, and amuſe them in their hours of retirement. At that time I felt a violent repugnance to any meaſure of this kind; it would have parted me from Lidy; and I then hoped for Lord Alderſon's protection.

Beſides, unknown as I was to all the world, without a friend to introduce me, to give any account of my morals and diſpoſition, how could I appear in any family with no other recommendation to procure me admiſſion, but my neceſſity? How could I reſolve to bear thoſe natural interrogations, thoſe queſtions which are uſually made, thoſe common placed inquiries which are ſo perplexing and mortifying, when we cannot anſwer them without diſguiſing the truth, or bluſhing to declare it; for we may be in a condition to bluſh, without having committed a fault.

Ah, Madam! what barbarous and miſtaken prejudice ſubjects ſo many innocent crea-

creatures to contempt, and ſuffers the authors of the crime, which thus reflects ſhame on them, to enjoy the public eſteem! Our anceſtors have eſtabliſhed laws which are highly unjuſt. Intereſt maintains them in full vigour, but the love of pleaſure continually breaks through them. What a contrariety there is between our principles and our manners! How can a man, who is determined not to attach himſelf, or who is already engaged, dare to give way to the impetuoſity of his ſenſes, and abandon himſelf to ſuch intoxication; he, who to gratify his deſires, muſt diſhonour the object of them, and run the riſque of making a being wretched.

After my return from Windſor, my views were altered. I earneſtly wiſhed to find a patroneſs. Mr. Burnet, an honeſt tradeſman, who employed Mrs. Mabel, was kind enough to uſe his endeavours to eſtabliſh me in ſome family: In fact, he introduced me to ſeveral people.

Shall I deſcribe to you, Madam, the rude reception, the haughtineſs, the diſdainful airs I experienced from thoſe, whom my misfortunes inſpired with a cold and mortifying compaſſion? My youth and figure were the ſubjects of a thouſand ſhocking reflections. Without any reſolution to ſerve me, they expatiated before my face on the inconveniences

which

which would attend their receiving me. I attended the toilets of twenty ladies, was examined, diſconcerted, pitied, rejected, and received by none of them.

Theſe fruitleſs and mortifying applications afflicted me exceedingly. Sir Humphrey's death contributed to overwhelm me quite, a melancholy gloom ſeized upon my ſpirits. It increaſed every day, and by degrees reduced me into that languid ſtate which is the forerunner of a conſumption.

Lidy was frightened at my ill ſtate of health, ſhe obliged me to keep my room, and endeavour to amuſe and divert me. She accommodated me with proviſions which ſhe knew were ſuited to my taſte. Her inquietude, her tender and conſtant attention towards me, induced me to ſuppreſs my feelings in ſome meaſure out of conſideration to her. This reſtraint made my ſufferings more ſevere, and I thought myſelf ready to ſink under them, when chance offered me the means of changing my ſituation.

Lidy one morning led me into St. James's park, to give me an airing; we were walking together a ſlow pace. At the turn of the walk, a gentleman who had quitted the path I was then in, turned back, and ſtopping before me, cried out: O goodneſs! It is her, it is Miſs Jenny Glanville.

Aſtoniſhed

Aſtoniſhed at hearing my name, I looked on the perſon who uttered it, and immediately recollected Sir James Huntley. This meeting diſturbed me. When we are under misfortunes we do not, without inquietude, look on thoſe whoſe preſence reminds us of happier days. At their appearance the emotion of our mind anticipates the mortification it dreads, or the comfort it expects.

The Baronet was ſo ſenſible of the pleaſure of ſeeing me again, ſo delighted to meet with me by accident after ſix months painful and fruitleſs ſearch after me, that he expreſſed a thouſand different ſentiments at once. He told me that he would not forgive my ſilence, nor that rigour which induced me to conceal my abode from Miſs Clifford, with a view no doubt to withdraw myſelf from the importunities of a man whoſe love and aſſiduity were irkſome to me. Theſe reproaches were intermixt with tranſports of joy. He forgot the wrongs I had done him, and gave way to the pleaſure with which my preſence inſpired him. Then he began to complain again, and to accuſe me. Doomed to deſpair by my conduct towards him, his ſchemes of happineſs, his deareſt hopes were vaniſhed. My indifference, my diſdain, my averſion had baniſhed them for ever; he could never more be happy! Totally engroſſed by his own concerns, and by the lively and fluctuating emo-

emotions of his mind, he neither diſcovered the perplexity I was under, nor obſerved the alteration in my perſon.

My pale complexion, and that air of dejection which overſpread my countenance, ſtruck him at laſt. A tender ſympathy was viſible in all his features. He took hold of one of my hands, and ſqueezing it gently: What do I ſee, ſaid he? What melancholy gloom o'erſpreads that lovely forehead? Dear Miſs, you ſigh, you ſuppreſs tears which are ready to ſtart, and your melancholy looks pierce me to the ſoul. The lovely Jenny fetches deep ſighs, and ſeems to ſcorn the friend whoſe heart is devoted to her. Ah! Speak, entruſt your ſecrets to my ſincerity. You will find me ready to ſerve you, and to prove by my zeal that ſincere attachment, which your coldneſs and even your diſdain can never diminiſh.

I have no ſecrets to communicate, ſaid I at length, by which I can expreſs any mark of confidence in you. If I never countenanced Sir James's addreſſes, at a time when every circumſtance gave me good reaſon to conclude that it was in my power to make him happy, it becomes me now to inform him, that, for his own advantage, he ought to ſtifle his affections.

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For my own advantage, ſaid the Baronet, what do I hear? How, Miſs, are you engaged? Is the deep melancholy in which I ſee you involved, the conſequence of an unhappy and precipitate union? Have you diſpoſed of your heart, of your hand? Are your parents returned to England? Would they detach you from ſome beloved object, and diſpoſe of you againſt your will. Does your affliction ariſe from the conſtraint they would impoſe upon you, or from the regret of having placed your affection improperly? Forgive theſe queſtions which are dictated by my zeal, and by a paſſion which at this moment is more violent than ever.

Neither my hand, nor my heart, I replied ſomewhat haughtily, are at the diſpoſal of any one. I have no reproaches to make myſelf, and have not yet incurred reproach from others. If you would convince me of that friendſhip of which you endeavour to perſuade me, do not perſiſt in deſiring to know the cauſe of my uneaſineſs, and give me leave to avoid thoſe queſtions which add to the bitterneſs of my inquietude. While I was ſpeaking, I advanced towards the gate with a view to take my leave; but Sir James ſtopping me; No, ſaid he, I will not allow you this cruel liberty; you ſhall not quit me thus, you ſhall not deprive me of a bleſſing which chance has ſo fortunately thrown in

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my way; I will follow you every where, I will know that which you conceal from me. I am prompted, by too powerful an intereſt, to diſcover this myſtery. If, as you declare, your heart is attached to no one, why are you ſo capricious as to avoid a man of whoſe affection you muſt be perſuaded? Does my love make me troubleſome to you? If ſo, I will never declare it more, I will lock up in my own breaſt the ſentiments with which you inſpire me: But at leaſt vouchſafe to endure my preſence, treat me as a friend, as a faithful and zealous friend. O my dear Jenny! from this moment I aſſume the title, and I ſwear to fulfill all the obligations it implies.

He had obliged me to ſit down and hear him. The eagerneſs of his expreſſions and his emotions, redoubled my perplexity. He preſſed me. he conjured me to ſpeak. I felt an invincible repugnance againſt declaring my ſituation to him, and yet I found it impoſſible to conceal it from him long. I turned my eyes towards Lidy. By my looks I deſired her to anſwer for me. She underſtood me, and addreſſing herſelf to the Baronet: A melancholy accident, ſaid ſhe, has made an alteration in Miſs's circumſtances. I am a ſtranger to the cauſe of her inquietude, and why ſhe ſeems afraid to diſcloſe it. The loſs of fortune can reflect ſhame on thoſe only who have been the occaſion of their own ruin

by

by their imprudent conduct. If Miſs Jenny is not rich at preſent, ſhe ſtill is miſtreſs of thoſe qualifications, which rendered her amiable. She is no doubt obliged to you, Sir James, for the part you take in her concerns: Nevertheleſs as ſhe is reduced to live in a condition very different from that in which ſhe was educated, I cannot ſuppoſe that the viſits of a man of your age can be admitted to a young lady, deſtitute of fortune and friends, and whoſe deſerted ſtate would become an additional misfortune if the moſt ſcrupulous decorum did not regulate all her ſteps.

This ſlight overture exciting the Baronet's curioſity, induced Lidy to enter into more minute circumſtances. She concealed my parents names, without concealing their rank, my ſituation, nor the loſs of all my hopes. Lidy's intention, in placing ſuch an intire confidence in the man who expreſſed ſuch an eager deſire of ſharing his deſtiny with me, was to ſound his ſentiments; to keep him from me, if he had a view to my fortune, or was a ſlave to prejudice, but to ſecond his pretenſions, if they appeared ſo diſintereſted as to incline him ſtill to the reſolution of marrying me. In my ſituation, Sir James's affection for me, ſeemed to be a reſource which it would be highly imprudent to neglect.

The Baronet liſtened to her with uncommon attention. Far from appearing cool on this diſcovery, it ſeemed to inſpire him with emotions of joy. O my dear Jenny! ſaid he, How delightful will it be to me to repair your loſſes, how joyful to ſee ſerenity once more grace that amiable countenance. But allow me to reproach you on account of ſuch a diſtinguiſhed mark of your indifference towards me. How! in ſuch a deſerted condition, did the remembrance of me never occur to your mind? Did you never recollect that you had ſtill a friend, an affectionate, a real friend remaining? No matter! forgotten and deſpiſed as he is, this friend is not the leſs determined to love and ſerve you. He will think himſelf overpaid for the kind offices he is ready to diſcharge, if you will condeſcend to accept them. Happy in throwing my fortune at your feet, I ſhall begin to value thoſe poſſeſſions, which in my hands become the means of making your life agreeable.

Thoſe misfortunes which affect our minds only, diſpoſe us to be grateful to every one who appears to ſympathize with us. But thoſe which ſpring from poverty and degradation, occaſion our nature to revolt againſt pity; a ſentiment which it is difficult to expreſs, without humiliating the object of it.

This

This ſame Baronet who ſix months before, ſcarce dared to look at me, who was ſo afraid of my diſpleaſure, and of offending me by a declaration of his paſſion; now, grown bold by my misfortunes, ſeemed to conſider himſelf as the arbiter of my fate. One would have concluded that the ruin of my hopes was the foundation of his, that it gave him an eſtabliſhed right to my favour, that it rendered me dependant on him, on his love, and benefactions! I cannot deſcribe the pride and diſguſt which inclined me to reject his friendſhip, and to wiſh myſelf away from him: His offers did not inſpire me with any ſentiment of gratitude; I was not affected by his forward zeal; I was offended at the air of ſatisfaction which ſparkled in his looks. Modeſty and gravity would have been more ſuitable to the occaſion. If it is generous to feel a pleaſure in repairing the loſſes of a friend, it is more generous ſtill to be concerned while we confer the obligation, to be ſorry for the misfortune which renders our aſſiſtance neceſſary, and compels them to accept it.

Theſe nice diſtinctions do not occur to the generality of men. Being altogether under the influence of their paſſions, accuſtomed to prefer themſelves to every other conſideration; their ſelfiſh deſires and intereſt form the only point of view in which they examine every

object. Sir James loved me, had loſt me, and found me again; he owed the pleaſure of ſeeing me to accident; it was a matter of no concern to him whether that accident was diſtreſsful to me. His moſt earneſt wiſhes were gratified: Could he forbear being overjoyed, when he perſuaded himſelf that the meeting with him, that his love and generoſity might be deemed ſuch advantageous reſources to the wretch, who bluſhed to be pitied by him.

Being obſtinately determined not to quit me till he knew my abode, I was obliged to declare it. He ſoon began to conſider it as his own, by the aſſiduity with which he viſited there, by his complaints with regard to the inconveniencies of it, and the importunities he uſed to oblige me to change it. Lidy repreſented to him to no purpoſe, how impoſſible it was for me to procure one more convenient or chearful: He ſoon removed all the difficulties which ſhe pronounced inſuperable; but he found us both reſolutely determined to be under no obligations to him.

The Baronet in vain uſed every means by which he might engage me to receive his aſſiſtance. I refuſed his preſents, and ſhewed myſelf offended at the liberty he took of making me ſuch offers. He would have depoſited in Lidy's hands a conſiderable ſum, ſuf-

ſufficient to have ſecured us both from the dread of want. She refuſed to take charge of it. The Baronet's conduct begat diſtruſt in her, ſhe was apprehenſive that he was attempting to gain her, in order to ſeduce me; and ſhe imparted her ſuſpicions to me. My coldneſs and indifference towards him increaſed. Sir James became penſive, melancholy and uneaſy, without ceaſing to be aſſiduous, and even importunate. He viſited me all hours of the day. Having no room to retire to, I was obliged to endure his preſence, and hear his inceſſant complaints. He reproached me with my want of confidence, with my pride and ill placed haughtineſs which made me reject the offers of his friendſhip. He could not tell, he ſaid with ſome impetuoſity, how far my cruelty might affect him; it might ruin him, it might be the cauſe of his death. He often repreſented to me the dangers to which my youth and indigence expoſed me; he conſtantly entertained me with his love, with my own misfortunes, but never took notice of his original intention. He ſeemed to have forgotten that I was free, and miſtreſs of myſelf. The only natural method by which he could engage me to be obliged to him, and to accept his favours, never entered into his mind. He expreſſed as much violence of paſſion as at Oxford; but his expreſſions of tenderneſs were in a

different ſtile. It was no longer the language of a ſubmiſſive lover who ſolicits favours; it was that of a protector who is diſpoſed to grant them. He gave me no proofs of the amiable zeal of love, of pure and diſintereſted love; of ardent zeal! But which being timid at the ſame time acts in ſecreſy, induſtriouſly conceals itſelf, and thinks itſelf overpaid if it is uſeful and unknown.

Tired of Sir James's long and frequent viſits, of his importunities, of his converſation, of his offers, and of the ſhocking ideas which were ſuggeſted to my mind by the aſſiduities of a man, who did not appear to have honourable intentions, I entertained thoughts of moving my lodging, when Mr. Burnet wrote to me from Cambridge where his affairs had detained him for a month paſt. He acquainted me that a worthy lady had agreed to take me on his recommendation. She was a widow, not far advanced in years. Her only ſon was juſt then ſet out with a view to make the tour of Europe. Mr. Burnet enlarged on the advantages of this place. After ſeveral polite compliments, he deſired me to be ready on a day appointed, as he propoſed to ſpend but two in London, and was deſirous of preſenting me himſelf to the obliging lady whoſe protection and friendſhip he ſhould think himſelf happy to procure me.

Such

Such a favourable opportunity of avoiding Sir James would have afforded me greater pleaſure, if I had not been under a neceſſity of parting from Lidy. Accuſtomed from my very infancy to ſee her, to love her, to act by her advice, to conſider her as the only creature who was attached to me, I was moſt ſincerely afflicted at the thoughts of quitting her. I could have preferred a life of labour with her, to a life of eaſe in which ſhe could not participate.

Her repreſentations, her prayers, her intreaties determined me not to reject the protection which was offered to me. I had a little money left, ſome jewels, with a rich and compleat wardrobe. I propoſed to leave her every thing, except my linen, my laces, and my cloaths for that ſeaſon. What was to be allowed me for my maintenance, appeared to me ſufficiently ample. By being frugal in that article, I hoped to exempt Lidy from too laborious drudgery. The wiſh neareſt my heart was to make her condition more eaſy, as it was not in my power to make it happy.

I concealed my intentions from Sir James. But I could not help betraying an extraordinary confuſion in his preſence. You cannot without ſome perturbation behold a perſon to whom you are under a neceſſity of giving in-

quietude; the certainty that your future conduct will create him pain, makes you uneasy at the sight of him.

On the Tuesday following, the day appointed by Mr. Burnet, he called upon me about noon, and found me ready to attend him. He passed such high encomiums on the lady whose friend and companion I was to be, that Lidy, delighted with his report, eagerly asked him the Lady's name. He answered that her name was Lady Lindsey.

Imagine my astonishment, Madam, when I heard that name mentioned. The Lady, whose favour Mr. Burnet had procured me, was the mother of Sir Henry, was Lord Alderson's nearest relation, and the only person whom he constantly visited.

I was so affected at the capriciousness of my fate, that dropping into my chair, I gave vent to my tears and sighs, without being able to explain to Mr. Burnet the cause of these emotions which must appear to him so extraordinary.

Lidy, deeply smitten with the same concern, acquainted him at length, that Lady Lindsey was the only Lady in England whose family could not afford me a convenient retreat; as there was many powerful reasons

which

which forbade my repairing to her. Mr. Burnet expreſſed great uneaſineſs that it had not been in his power to ſucceed in his intentions to ſerve me; and without betraying an impertinent curioſity, he retired, much diſſatisfied perhaps with the fruitleſs attempt in which his benevolence had engaged him.

Sir James came in the minute after. I was ſtanding when he entered the room, with my face hid in Lidy's boſom; I embraced her cloſely, and we both wept bitterly. My attitude, my tears, and Lidy's likewiſe, alarmed the Baronet. He earneſtly enquired into the cauſe of this new ſource of diſtreſs. We were obliged to yield to his importunity, to acquaint him with Mr. Burnet's kind endeavours, and the unlucky accident which fruſtrated their good effect: In ſhort, we explained the reaſons which made us dread meeting with Lord Alderſon, and determined us to avoid him for ever.

Inſtead of endeavouring to comfort me on this melancholy event, Sir James flew into a paſſion with me and Lidy. He accuſed her with giving me falſe notions with regard to his intentions. Could you, ſaid he, prefer a painful ſervitude, to the repeated offers of an affectionate friend? Your unjuſt prejudice deceives you, and makes me deſperate. The more I endeavour to be ſerviceable to you, the more

your ſuſpicion of me increaſes. Dare you avow, ungrateful as you are! from what reaſons you diſtruſt me, and my deſigns. Have I aſked any unbecoming recompence for the ſervices I have reſolved to render you? Have I required the ſlighteſt return for my reſolution to eſtabliſh your fortune? I have been ſilent. My affection made me fearful of putting any reſtraint upon yours. A delicacy, from whence I hoped for the moſt pleaſing effects, has hitherto prevailed upon me to keep my deſires as ſecret as poſſible. I did not propoſe to declare them till time and the tranquil ſtate to which I hoped my endeavours might reſtore you, ſhould have inclined you to have received thoſe propoſals with pleaſure, which you almoſt rejected at Oxford. To have required Miſs Jenny to have ſacrificed her liberty, before I had conferred any obligations upon her, would it not have appeared like taking advantage of her diſtreſs? Would it not ſeem as if I impoſed laws upon her, and extorted a conſent from her, for which I ought to have been indebted to her eſteem and affection? Then addreſſing himſelf to Lidy; Speak, ſaid he, repeat to Miſs, the offers which you have repreſented to her in a criminal light. I confeſs that the little ſucceſs of my addreſſes at Oxford, her forgetting me during my abſence, her remarkable uneaſineſs on meeting with me again in St. James's park, have too well

aſſured

aſſured me that ſhe can never ſympathize with me in affection. Under theſe circumſtances, how have I behaved; I have endeavoured to alleviate her diſtreſs, and to render her condition independent of others and of myſelf. Is this an attempt againſt her honour? Nevertheleſs this diſintereſted view has only ſerved to make her doubly diſdainful, and to inſpire both her and you with diſtruſt. What remains for me to ſay, to do, to attempt, to hope! For me, who am pierced with the moſt keen and bitter anguiſh . . . . Here he broke off, took two or three turns up and down the room, drew near to me again, took hold of one of my hands, ſqueezed it and ſighed: O Miſs, Miſs, ſaid he, in a melancholy tone, you do not know how much you grieve me. My heart is rent. If you had loved me, this hand had been given to me, it had been mine! All my wiſhes had been fulfilled . . . but you have never ſhewn any eſteem, any partiality for me. I am condemned to cheriſh a tender and unfortunate paſſion which cannot affect you. One only conſolation preſented itſelf to my deſpairing mind, that of ſerving you: And you cruelly deprive me even of that: Of all the inſtances of your cruelty, this laſt diſtreſſes me moſt.

When he had done ſpeaking, Sir James dropped his head upon my hand which he

ſtill had hold of. I perceived it bedewed with his tears. His tenderneſs, his words, the moving manner in which he uttered them, that ſeeming candor of an honeſt mind ready to confeſs its errors, made me apprehenſive of really deſerving Sir James's reproaches, if I carried that diſtruſt too far, with which he had charged me already. The motives which induced him to be ſilent with regard to his intentions, appeared to me too noble and generous not to claim a grateful acknowledgement. Lidy perhaps was miſtaken, and had led me likewiſe into an error.

Pardon, ſaid I to the Baronet, pardon a conduct, of which the motive ariſes from that reſtleſs fear, which is the companion of my misfortune. The world has been repreſented to me in ſtrange colours. The poor live in it, as if they did not exiſt; no one has any concern for them. My want of experience makes the dangers of this world, to which I am a ſtranger, appear magnified to my ſight. Caſt from my infancy into this wide univerſe, where I am deſtitute of ſupport; I look about me with fear and trembling: Every being around me is attached to another by ſome kind of tie. I, the only ſequeſtered ſolitary thing in nature, find myſelf here in the condition of a young bird, juſt dropt from its mother's neſt, which in vain extends its feeble wings towards an aſylum it cannot gain.

Sir

Sir James tranſported by a ſtrong and paſſionate emotion, threw himſelf at my feet. No, ſaid he, you are not deſerted, you are not the only ſolitary thing in nature, a heart impreſſed with the ſentiments of tenderneſs is attached to you, and takes part in your concerns; reveres you, loves you, adores you! You behold at your feet a friend, a lover, a huſband, if you will condeſend to receive him. Pledge me your faith, accept of mine, and I become your guardian and protector; I will ſhelter you from all thoſe dangers which alarm your fears. O my dear Jenny! Ceaſe to weep, look at me with thoſe expreſſive eyes; if they do but aſſure me that you do not hate me, to morrow, this evening, this inſtant if you will, I bind myſelf to you for ever, and dedicate the remainder of my days to make yours happy.

The ſound of protector, guardian, huſband, cheared my dejected ſpirits, revived me, and inſpired me with a kind of veneration for him who aſſumed ſuch honourable titles; I repented having judged ill of ſo generous a man. The ſentiment which ſtruck my mind, made me in ſome degree experience the ſame emotions in favour of Sir James, which had affected me at the firſt ſight of Lord Alderſon. At his reiterated intreaties, I turned my eyes towards him, and no doubt but my looks expreſſed marks of gratitude.

The

The Baronet thought they expreſſed a more tender ſentiment. Tranſported with joy, he roſe from his ſeat, threw his arms round me, and claſped me to his breaſt, crying; O my lovely Jenny! That look proclaims my happineſs, which I date from this inſtant.

From that moment there was a confidence and intimacy eſtabliſhed between us. Sir James made me acquainted with his ſituation, his views and expectancies. Though born in Scotland, he hated the country, and earneſtly ſolicited ſome employment at court. The Duke of Argyle his relation, uſed his intereſt to procure what he deſired. As he was educated in his infancy under a mother who was bigotted to the church of Rome, there were ſuſpicions with regard to his religion. It was neceſſary to remove them. The Duke of Argyle laboured that point with his utmoſt endeavours; but for ſome time paſt Sir James thought he had reaſon to complain of his backwardneſs to ſerve him, and ſuſpected him of keeping an intelligence with one of his relations, who was obſtinately bent on marrying him in Scotland, where ſhe had procured a rich heireſs for him. He earneſtly wiſhed to obtain the employment he ſolicited. His arguments perſuaded me that it was neceſſary for him with reſpect to his fortune. The fear of being diſappointed of ſo conſiderable a proviſion, might, among other reaſons,

ſons, have induced him to be ſo long before he declared his intentions with regard to me. Lidy was of the ſame opinion with me; and her notion confirmed me in mine.

Gratitude ſeldom opens the heart to love; but it gives birth to a ſerious ſentiment, which is leſs impetuous, but perhaps more permanent. It inclines us to complaiſance, renders us attentive to the intereſt of the perſon to whom we are obliged, it augments, in our eſtimation, the benefits we receive, and keeps us in conſtant fear of offending him, or of abuſing his favour.

Sir James preſſing me to fix the day when I would make him happy, I thought myſelf obliged to repreſent to him, that, under his preſent circumſtances, his marriage with me would be the height of imprudence. When the Duke of Argyle found him wedded to one who brought him neither fortune nor alliance, he might grow more indifferent, or perhaps become quite averſe, and croſs his deſigns. The relation who was bent on marrying him in Scotland, and from whom, as he ſaid, he expected a large inheritance, would perhaps, out of reſentment to him for his choice, alter her will. Ah! How bitterly ſhould I reproach myſelf hereafter, ſhould I find him involved in uneaſineſs, and not be able to conceal from myſelf that I was the pri-

primary cauſe of it. I intreated him to ſpare his regret, to take time to conſider about ſuch an important meaſure, and to wait at leaſt till he ſhould have obtained the place he ſolicited.

Sir James appeared to be extremely affected at this proof of my affection, it made a violent impreſſion on him, indeed too ſtrong an one for the occaſion. His eyes were moiſt with tears. He thanked me tenderly, heſitated, ſeemed perplexed, and told me, with an air of timidity, that it was eaſy for me to reconcile his intereſt with his deſires, if I would conſent to diſpenſe with the pomp of a public ceremony, and agree to live two or three months for him alone. There was no inducement which could make me wiſh to appear in public, and the ſplendor of a grand wedding was but ill ſuited with my condition. As Lidy did not diſapprove of Sir James's importunity, and even interceded for him in order to haſten my reſolve, I yielded to their ſolicitations, and fixed the day which I was ſo ardently importuned to appoint.

As the influence of habit made me prefer the country to London, Sir James hired a houſe at Iſlington. The articles of marriage, were examined by Lidy, and ſhe thought them greatly in my favour. After they were ſigned, I found myſelf obliged to accept of very conſiderable preſents; the Baronet perfectly

fectly loaded me, and his impatience equalled his profuſion. The near approach of the time which I dreaded, redoubled his tranſports, the idea engroſſed him totally, he ſeemed ſo delighted to find me ready to fulfill his wiſhes, ſo happy in the aſſurance of living near me, with me, and for me, that I ſecretly bluſhed at my inward dejection of mind; I accuſed myſelf of ſingularity, of ingratitude; my heart reproached me with my indifference towards him, yet could not grow warm in his favour. Ah! Madam, what different views are happineſs and fortune.

Sir James having obtained a licence, left me to chooſe the place where the ceremony ſhould be performed. It would have been difficult to have had it performed in my apartment, without making Mrs. Mabel and all the women in the houſe acquainted with it. We agreed therefore to be married at a miniſter's of his acquaintance, and to ſet out for Iſlington immediately after having received the nuptial benediction. Lidy and Sir James's Valet de Chambre agreed together about the removal of my effects. She likewiſe undertook to apprize her ſiſter of our departure, and to put a ſtop to her curioſity by a fallacious confidence.

The

The day fixed to tye this ſolemn knot, came at laſt. Being arrayed in white, without any affectation of dreſs, I repaired to St. Paul's church at eleven in the morning. Francis, the Baronet's Valet de Chambre, waited for me there. I went with Lidy into a landau, which carried us to a houſe of middling appearance: A decent kind of woman came forward to receive me: She uſhered me into a parlour very handſomely furniſhed, and deſired me to reſt myſelf, while they went to give notice of my arrival to Sir James, who had been for ſome time troubled to get rid of an unſeaſonable viſitor. They preſented me with tea and chocolate, but I could not poſſibly take either. The Baronet made haſte to come. He was vexed to find me ſo diſordered; I was ſo weak, that, in handing me up ſtairs, he was obliged to ſtop ſeveral times; he trembled likewiſe, and ſeemed to be in violent agitation.

He led me into a large cloſet; the windows half ſhut and the curtains drawn, made the place cool, but dull and gloomy. A young, well made man, whoſe noble and graceful air was altogether ſtriking, came to me and paid me a compliment; I ſcarce heard him, and could only anſwer by a low obeiſance. He ſpoke to Sir James in a low tone, and continued talking with him a long while.

while. The minister, his clerk, Lidy, the Baronet's Valet de Chambre, the woman who introduced us, and the young cavalier were the only witnesses of our mutual engagements. My confusion obliged Lidy to answer for me to the minister's interrogations. I could not refrain my tears, when he asked this question: *Who gives this woman to this man?* The stranger who had been talking with Sir James, took me by the hand, and presenting it to Sir James, said aloud. *I.*

How melancholy, Madam, did my situation appear, compared to that of a girl brought up among her relations, under the eyes of a tender father, and led by him, with becoming pomp, to the foot of the altar, there to take upon her the name of a lover, proud to receive her hand by which he acquires a right to her affections, and who immediately after the awful ceremony finds herself the happy daughter of two fathers, two mothers, the object of the attention, complaisance and caresses of two families, who unite to cherish and protect her.

My tears shocked Sir James, he grew pale, called for water, and smelt to some salts. His sensibility affected me; I took pains to stifle my uneasiness, for fear he should attribute it to that indifference, with which he had so often reproached me. I was no longer at liberty

berty to remain indifferent, at leaſt to appear ſo. I ſincerely wiſhed, when I took upon me the name of a wife, to entertain every ſentiment which might contribute to the happineſs of a man, whoſe diſintereſted generoſity merited my gratitude and affection.

The miniſter, having joined our hands, and pronounced us man and wife before the ſmall company preſent, Sir James took me in his arms, and embraced me eagerly. The perſon who officiated as a father to me, deſired leave to ſalute me, which he did with an appearance of remarkable ſenſibility. I learnt from Lidy that he teſtified uncommon ſurprize, even aſtoniſhment, when he ſaw me come in, and that he ſhewed vaſt uneaſineſs during the ceremony. My confuſion would not permit me to pay any attention to the emotions of thoſe about me. Wholly taken up with my endeavours to ſuppreſs my own, and to conceal that exceſſive melancholy which it was out of my power to baniſh, it was impoſſible for me to take notice of what paſſed around me.

We left the miniſter: And the carriage which brought us thither, drove us to the banks of the Thames, where a barge was waiting for us. Sir James handed me and Lidy into it, he then diſmiſſed the coach and the only ſervant that attended us, and afterwards

wards ſeated himſelf cloſe to me, and ordered them to put off. The watermen, after rowing ſome time, landed us at a round ſummer-houſe facing the river. Sir James clapped his hands, and at that ſignal a young girl who worked in a garden, opened a little gate, and ſhut it carefully, after he got in. She led us towards a pavillion which was pitched behind ſome high ſhady trees, which concealed us from view towards the water ſide. The apartment in which ſhe left us appeared to be more full of decoration than furniture. Every thing there was agreeable, but it was not provided with conveniencies fit for a conſtant abode. I ſate down to the tea table, and was vaſtly ſurprized to find no one attending me but the young country girl.

The gloom of the place terrified me, I turned towards Lidy, and her looks added to the terror which already began to take poſſeſſion of my mind. The Baronet perceived my uneaſineſs, and was in haſte to remove it. You are not at home, my dear Jenny, ſaid he. A reaſon, which I will communicate before you leave this houſe, induced me to bring you hither, to ſpend the greateſt part of the day. This evening you ſhall quit it to take poſſeſſion of your own houſe. You will there find ſervants ready to wait upon you; and meet with every thing which can render the place chearful and even delightful. I have

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omitted nothing which might contribute to embelliſh your abode. I dare hope that my endeavours will meet with a flattering reward. The pleaſure of ſeeing you ſatisfied with me, and made happy by my attention to promote your felicity. This, my dear girl, is the pleaſing recompenſe which a heart devoted to you wiſhes to obtain.

This diſcourſe gave me comfort. I drank tea; and afterwards went with Sir James, under a thick arbour. It ſtood at the end of the terraſs, which opened to the pavillion I had firſt ſeen; and which was compoſed of a large room and four cloſets; this place afforded a moſt cool and agreeable retreat. Sir James obliged me to reſt there, and I remained with him alone till three o'clock. The ringing of a bell then gave us notice to withdraw to the room where we were to dine. The young country girl and Lidy prepared a delicious repaſte, which was ſerved up by Sir James's Valet de Chambre, who arrived a few minutes after us.

The moſt lively joy embrightened the Baronet's countenance; his air of felicity, the tenderneſs of his looks, of his converſation, and the violence of his paſſion, which was conſpicuous in every motion, could not altogether compoſe my agitation of mind. Confuſed, dejected, inſenſible to his careſſes, to

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his tranſports, my mind could not participate of the ſatisfaction he expreſſed.

When dinner was over, we returned to the pavillion: Lidy had orders to attend there at ſeven o'clock, when ſhe came, Sir James deſired her to ſit down, then ſeated himſelf between us, took hold of one of my hands, kiſſed it over and over; and after a ſhort ſilence, It is time, my dear Jenny, ſaid he, to explain to you my myſterious conduct, which may at firſt have ſtartled you, and made you ſuſpicious of my intentions. I have lately acquired an inconteſtable right to your favour: And that emboldens me to open my mind to you. My honour and fortune ſhould from this moment become objects of your concern. It is not to Miſs Jenny, it is to my wife, it is to the lovely creature formed to enſure my felicity, that I am going to deſcribe the perplexed ſituation in which I ſtand at preſent. It is ſuch, that by the ſolemn engagement I have made to day, I have hazarded the ruin of all my hopes; that however would be a trifling conſideration, but in riſking the loſs of my preſent poſſeſſions and of my future expectations, I at the ſame time expoſe myſelf to reproaches I deſerve, to an unlucky diſcovery, and what ſtill affects me more, to the appearance of being ungrateful, nay, I become actually ungrateful, by making a cruel return to the kindneſs of a lady who

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is my relation, my friend, and whom I am bound by every obligation to love and reſpect.

Sir James pauſed and turned away his head, to conceal from me the marks of his violent emotions; but I could plainly perceive by his broken accents how ſtrongly he was affected. Being anxious to learn what he was going to communicate, I liſtened to him with cloſe attention.

When I ſaw you at Lord Clare's, he proceeded, every thing ſeemed to promiſe that my fortune would be proſperous. I am deſcended from the brave Lord Huntley, who ſacrificed his fortune and his life to the intereſt of the unfortunate Charles I. My family, which was formerly noble and opulent, perſevering in attachment to the deſcendants of their late ſovereign, forfeited their title and eſtate. The ruin of their fortune did not lower their pride, and ſo far were they from ſupplicating the favours of a court, that they gloried in their poverty. My father, who was the eldeſt of that loyal family, had the good luck to be agreeable to Miſs Lineric, of the houſe of Hamilton, a rich heireſs by her mother's ſide, and at her own diſpoſal; ſhe married him, reſerving to herſelf the property of her eſtate, and the power of diſpoſing of it. My father did not enjoy his good fortune long, he died, and left me an infant;

infant: my ſiſter, who was three years older than me, was already grown my mother's darling: By an agreement which is common among married people of different religions, my ſiſter was to be bred a Roman Catholic, and I was to be educated as a proteſtant. My relations, by my father's ſide, undertook to take care that ſuch principles were inſtilled into me. My mother, whoſe party was proſcribed in Scotland, durſt not oppoſe their intentions. No doubt ſhe hoped that her immenſe fortune would give her the abſolute guardianſhip over me; being diſappointed in that attempt, ſhe conceived a vaſt indifference towards me, and my ſiſter became the ſole object of her affections.

I was brought up at the univerſity of Glaſgow. Lady Rutland, my father's couſin, had an eſtate in the neighbourhood; when ſhe was there ſhe made me viſit her, and took delight to encourage me in my ſtudies, by rewarding me for the progreſs I made: She made me amends for my mother's neglect, and I was indebted to her for all the conveniencies I enjoyed at Glaſgow.

Six months after I quitted the univerſity, I ſet out on my travels to the different courts of Europe, and maintained a regular correſpondence with the Dutcheſs of Rutland; my open and undeſigning heart appearing without diſguiſe in my letters, I concealed nothing

from her, not even my indiſcretions; ſhe frequently aſſiſted me with her advice, and her generous friendſhip extended itſelf farther; finding the income my mother allowed me to be but ſlender, ſhe doubled it. My governor, by her order, left me for a long time in the opinion, that this addition was owing to the repreſentations he made to Lady Huntley.

I paſſed ſix years abroad. When I came home, I did not meet with that kind and endearing reception from my mother, which the reſpect I paid her, my obedience to her will, and my good conduct during my travels, gave me room to expect. My ſiſter, who was ſickly from her infancy, was dangerouſly ill, and died ſoon after my return. My mother's grief for the loſs of her was immoderate; and my preſence, inſtead of aſſwaging, ſeemed to increaſe it. Lady Rutland was then in Ireland; Scotland ſoon became intolerable to me, and I reſolved to quit it.

I had formed a ſcheme for my advancement in life; I was determined to make court to my ſovereign, to ſerve him, to deſerve his favour, and to engage him to reſtore me to the titles and antient ſplendor of my family. I intreated the Earl of Blair to communicate my intentions to my mother: As ſhe was in her heart extremely averſe to the reigning family,

mily, ſuch a ſcheme was not likely to be agreeable to her; but the little pleaſure ſhe took in my company, determined her to let me purſue my own inclinations; ſhe recommended me to the Duke of Argyle, leaving the ſteps which it would be proper for me to take to the diſcretion of that nobleman, and requeſted him to procure me ſome employ in the army, or about his majeſty's perſon; ſhe allowed me a conſiderable income, received my parting embraces, and ſaw me depart without expreſſing the leaſt mark of tenderneſs for a dutiful ſon, who could not quit her with the ſame indifference.

When I came to London, the Duke of Argyle was at Bath; I did not think it proper to be preſented to his Majeſty by any other: While I was waiting his return, I entered into the various amuſements which the town affords, and renewed my acquaintance with ſeveral people of faſhion whom I had met with abroad. Lord Clare was of this number; the deep affliction in which I found him involved, affected me; and I often went to ſhare with him his ſolitary moments: I was far from thinking that my heart would there meet with the object of a paſſion as exquiſite and as permanent as his, but deſtined to be more fortunate. In your company, I loſt all attention to my fortune; wholly engroſſed by the deſire of pleaſing you, I flat-

tered myſelf, that notwithſtanding your indifference, I ſhould move you to be favourable to my addreſſes.

Lady Rutland, being returned to Scotland, wrote to me frequently; ſhe was ſurprized that I had not yet taken ſome ſtep towards my eſtabliſhment. The Duke of Argyle was at London, but you was at Oxford, and I could not leave it. I was nevertheleſs under a neceſſity of coming to that reſolution: The Earl of Blair acquainted me that Sir —— Thanet, a young gentleman without fortune, but of diſtinguiſhed merit, had made ſuch a rapid progreſs in my mother's heart, and inſpired her with ſuch a violent paſſion, that ſhe did not endeavour to conceal her affection. He preſſed me ſtrongly to come, in hopes that my preſence might put her in mind of a title, and of relative duties which ſhe ſeemed no longer to recollect. Hurried away by her paſſion, ſhe may, ſaid he, forget that ſhe is the mother of a man who is wholly dependent on the diſpoſitions ſhe may make. This news ſurprized me the more, as the Dutcheſs of Rutland did not mention a word of it; I knew her too well, to ſuſpect her of being an accomplice in my ruin. Nevertheleſs, her excepted, all my relations gave me the ſame intelligence exactly which the Earl of Blair had communicated.

At any other time, I ſhould have thought that as my mother was miſtreſs of her own fortune, ſhe had a right to diſpoſe of it without my conſent; but I wanted a fortune to obtain you from thoſe who had the diſpoſal of you, and I adored you. Under ſuch circumſtances, the proſpect of poverty appeared to me inſupportable. I reſolved to go, I determined to fly and ſave my inheritance at the hazard of my life. Sir —— Thanet appeared to me no leſs the deſtroyer of my felicity, than the ſpoiler of my fortune. The violence of my rage hurried me into indiſcretion: I wrote to the Earl of Blair, I acquainted him with my departure, and made him the confident of my intentions. Ardently longing to meet with Sir —— Thanet, I violently tore myſelf from the pleaſure of your company, and took the road to Edinburgh.

I travelled night and day, and took no reſpite but to write to you: About two ſtages on this ſide of Edinburgh, I was attacked with a violent fever; it immediately ſeized my brain, and made me rave inceſſantly: A worthy prieſt with whom I lodged, took particular care of me. It was neceſſary to bring me low, in order to ſave my life; and for ſeven days it was uncertain whether I ſhould recover from this dangerous illneſs.

My Valet de Chambre, not knowing the reaſon of my returning to Scotland, wrote in haſte to my mother to acquaint her with the condition I was reduced to, and to let her know the place where ſhe had obliged me to take up my abode. I know not what ſhe thought when ſhe heard I was ſo near her; but at the eighth day of my illneſs I beheld, with extreme ſurprize, Lady Rutland at my bed's head.

The preſence of one whom I loved, and who, I was perſuaded, had an affection for me, delighted me, and moved me to tenderneſs; I expreſſed ſome ſigns of weakneſs when I perceived her ſqueeze me by the hand. We continued ſilent for ſome time; her behaviour, her kind looks convinced me that ſhe ſtill retained the ſame friendſhip for me. Her taking no notice of my mother's inſinuations, made me doubt the truth of my intelligence. The Dutcheſs heard my complaints with kind attention, and without entering into my detail, ſhe deſired me to think of nothing but my recovery; ſhe aſſured me that ſhe would continue near me, that ſhe would viſit me every day till I was perfectly reſtored; and as reſt and ſilence were abſolutely neceſſary to me for that purpoſe, ſhe left me in the care of one of her women, and of a phyſician whom ſhe brought from Edinburgh with her.

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When I came to myſelf, and was nearly recovered, I ſent to Lothian, whither I had deſired you to direct for me. They brought me a letter from Miſs Clifford. She acquainted me that a few days after my departure you had left Oxford, and that ſhe could not yet tell where you lived in London. This news alarmed me. I waited for a ſecond letter with the utmoſt impatience. At length it came to hand; but it added to my inquietude, by confirming me in the aſſurance that Miſs Clifford was a ſtranger to your ſituation. She continued to write to me, and her letters deſtroyed the ſmall remnant of hope I had left. Her friendſhip for you, or perhaps her complaiſance for me, engaged her to ſend an expreſs to London, to your guardian; he was dying, and could not be ſeen; his domeſticks ſaid that they neither knew Miſs Glanville, nor any of her relations.

I will not attempt to deſcribe the deep affliction in which I was involved, at the thought of having loſt you for ever. Your image was ever preſent to my mind, and my imagination led me to a thouſand melancholy conjectures. I was in alternate doubts, whether your parents had recalled you, whether you was gone to Jamaica to them, or whether their return had deprived me of you? Sometimes, ſuppoſing you to be in the midſt of the ſea, expoſed to the fury of the winds,

I trembled for your life; the next minute I fancied that I ſaw you ſerene, contented and indifferent, quite unmindful of the wretch whoſe tenderneſs could not affect you, and crowning the deſires of ſome more happy lover . . . . O my dear Jenny! Theſe different ſuppoſitions ſuggeſted by a reſtleſs ſpirit, were ſtill leſs mortifying than the melancholy truth. You wept, you ſighed under your misfortunes, they preyed upon you in ſecret. How eſſential to our mutual felicity would one word have been, penned by that dear hand! Your confidence in me might then . . . . . it would have ſaved me the reproach . . . . Ah, Jenny, Jenny! Why . . . . . but this is not a time . . . . no, I am no longer at liberty to complain of you.

As ſoon as I was able to endure the motion of a berlin, I attended Lady Rutland to Douglas. The Earl of Blair came there to ſee me. No body ſpoke to me concerning my mother, they eluded my queſtions, and gave me no anſwer, till at length I underſtood that ſhe was married. Though I was ſtill in a weak condition, yet rouzed by my rage alone, by my deſire of wreaking my vengeance on Sir —— Thanet, whom I accuſed as the author of all my misfortunes, I reſolved to leave Lady Rutland, and repair to Edinburgh in queſt of him, and to ſacrifice him

him to my reſentment, or end my days by his hands, ſince I had no proſpect of felicity.

My intentions were known to the Dutcheſs of Rutland; and it was to prevent my putting them in execution that ſhe carried me to Douglas. She endeavoured to pacify me, and truſted to the aſcendency which my reſpectful attachment to her gave her over my mind.

No woman was ever more amiable, or more univerſally eſteemed than Lady Rutland. Born in London, ſhe inherited a vaſt eſtate in Scotland in right of her mother, was married to a nobleman belonging to the court and of great influence in the kingdom; at the age of nineteen ſhe became a widow, and miſtreſs of fifteen thouſand a year. Her conduct, which was ſomewhat ſingular, made her for a long while the object of public attention. She alone perhaps knows the ſecret of uniting the moſt ſcrupulous decorum with a certain free mode of living, exempt from all reſtraint and controul: She is perpetually travelling without quitting her country, and ſhe ſtill continues to run over the three kingdoms, ſtopping wherever ſhe is entertained, and every where leaving behind her ſome tokens of her benevolence. Her rule of life is to be uſeful to others, and agreeable to herſelf. Her features are handſome. Her ſe-

renity of mind makes her ſtill preſerve the appearance of youth. She is generous, ſincere, plain in her language, but elevated in her ſentiments; ſhe is agreeable, intereſting, beloved and reſpected; one cannot forbear feeling ſomewhat like veneration for her; ſhe inſpires that ſolid and tender affection, which uncommon and acknowledged merit never fails to produce.

I am no ſtranger, ſaid ſhe, to the deſign you meditate, and I do not blame you for having conceived it; to abhor the man who has uſurped your rights, is a very natural and pardonable ſentiment: But if you are capable of moderation, if you will take the advice of your friend, you will not give way to extravagant reſentment, and you will abandon the cruel intention which led you hither. Revenge is but a poor and tranſient paſſion; the moment it is gratified it is gone, and laſting regret ſucceeds. Will you juſtify your mother's indifference towards you, and incur her hatred, by attacking the life of a man whom ſhe adores? Will you pierce with ſorrow the heart of her who gave you birth? Will you ſacrifice the object of her moſt tender affections, before her eyes? Will you dare to deprive her of him? And if you ſhould, can you expect that ſhe would ever pardon ſuch an offence? So far from repairing your loſs, this fruitleſs crime will compleat your

your misery. But how can you be assured of victory? May not you fall in the combat? In either case consider what advantage you can derive. Reflect upon it, Sir James; you run the risque of wounding your mother's heart, of giving her inexpressible grief, of perishing yourself, or of being irrevocably disinherited.

I made no answer. Agitated by a thousand different emotions, I could not yet yield to the force of these arguments, though their propriety struck me, and disposed my mind to receive milder impressions.

As I consider myself the primary cause of your mi-fortune, the Dutchess continued, I think myself bound to devise some means to alleviate your distress. It was I who brought Sir —— Thanet into Scotland. His father had an affection for me from my early infancy. Sensible of his merit and struck with his person, I should have given him the preference, had I been left to my own disposal. But the Duke of Rutland's vast fortune and influence, determined my relations to dispose of me to him. I gave him my hand, but the image of Sir —— Thanet, was always present to my mind, and dear to my affections. By the time I became a widow, he was married; which gave me real concern. I went every where in quest of Sir —— Thanet, and the hope

of meeting with him, was the ſole end of my travels. I found a pleaſure in giving way to my affections; he was a ſtranger to them, but his eyes frequently aſſured me that he had not forgotten his early attachment.

Sir —— Thanet was killed in Germany. I was extremely afflicted at his death, I ſhed tears for the loſs of him, pleaſed myſelf with preſerving the idea of him, his memory is dear to me, every thing which belongs to him, every thing which recalls him to my mind, becomes agreeable to me, and acquires a right to my friendſhip.

I met with his ſon in Ireland; he had lately loſt his mother, and the immenſe expence of a tedious law-ſuit ſwallowed up the remnant of his fortune. I was moved at his ſituation, and found in myſelf a ſtrong propenſity to ſerve him. I attached myſelf to his intereſt; at my requeſt he followed me hither; your mother came here to ſpend two months with me, and I entruſted her with my intentions with regard to young Thanet; I intended him for my neice, a rich heireſs, left entirely under my guardianſhip by my ſiſter's will. She is but nine years old; and he would have enjoyed a great part of her fortune in the mean while, before the poſſeſſion of her perſon entitled him to the whole. Lady Huntley, hurried away by an extrava-

gant paſſion, made him an offer of eight thouſand guineas a year. My neice will have much more; but the time to come always appears very diſtant to the imagination of youth! The preſent advantage determined the Knight. Without acquainting me, he ſigned articles of marriage with your mother; they were married in private, and when the Earl of Blair indiſcreetly adviſed you to come hither with a view to oppoſe it, it was no longer in any one's power to prevent it.

I have thus communicated to you the motives of my friendſhip for Sir —— Thanet; I dare now require you to ſacrifice your reſentment, and intreat you to accept the offer which I intended for him. Yield to my deſires, give me the opportunity I have loſt of making one man happy: I promiſe this moment to acknowledge your acquieſcence by a preſent of . . . . . Here I haſtily interrupted her, Madam, ſaid I, let me hear no more, the pleaſure of obliging you is to me ſufficient recompence; Sir —— Thanet ſhall quietly enjoy the fortune he has deprived me of; ſo far from attempting his life, I find myſelf diſpoſed to defend him if you require it. But let this ſacrifice be diſintereſted; allow me to decline your generous offers: I am not over ſolicitous about fortune; happy in meriting your eſteem, and preſerving a friendſhip I ſo highly eſteem, I ſhall be delighted under the

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moſt diſtreſsful circumſtances, to have given you a convincing teſtimony of my reſpect and ſubmiſſion.

This readineſs, ſaid the Dutcheſs, to grant me a requeſt I ſo earneſtly wiſhed to obtain, this noble diſintereſtedneſs, doubles my obligation to you. But we will quit the ſubject for the preſent, and reſume it at Briſtol, whither I am going to paſs a few days: You will not refuſe to bear me company: Lady Huntley has remitted me a bill of two thouſand guineas to reimburſe the expences of your journey; there it is, ſaid ſhe, preſenting it to me; ſhe does not wiſh to ſee you, but I will take care to keep up your intereſt with her; ſhe has increaſed your income, and Alderman Burton, who manages her affairs in London, has already received orders to ſupply you with ſuch a ſum as may be neceſſary to equip you for the employment which the Duke of Argyle is to procure you. I do not preſs you to accept the propoſal I have juſt now made; nevertheleſs, my neice can, with the offer of her hand, reſtore your family to the titles and eſtate, which, from the diſordered ſtate of the nation, you have not yet been able to recover. I leave this ſubject to your ſerious conſideration; and in a month's time I ſhall deſire you to acquaint me with your reſolution. We ſet out the next day; at Douglas I received a letter from

Miſs

Miſs Clifford, which gave me no intelligence of you. The inſtant I got to England, I ſent my Valet de Chambre to London, with directions to find out Sir Humphrey, to aſk intelligence from the friends and relations of that gentleman, to make the ſtricteſt inquiries among them, and to omit no means of diſcovering what was become of you.

A letter from the Earl of Blair made me acquainted with the full extent of the obligations I owed to the Dutcheſs of Rutland. She alone preſſed the Duke of Argyle to intereſt himſelf in my favour. My mother, ſo far from concerning herſelf about my welfare, had even forgotten that there was ſuch a being exiſting. The bill for two thouſand guineas, the ſtock lodged with Alderman Burton, the augmentation of my income, all flowed from the generoſity of the Dutcheſs. Struck with the conduct of this reſpectable friend, and entertaining a grateful ſenſe of her favours, I thought myſelf at length obliged to yield to her deſires.

Without hope of ever ſeeing you again, of ever being made happy by love, I determined to attempt happineſs through the medium of ambition. Ideas of grandeur began to intermix with thoſe ſentiments of tenderneſs with which I was ſo deeply affected. Being at liberty to accept of a propoſal which the

the greateſt nobleman in England would have been forward to ſolicit, I began to reflect on ſuch advantageous offers. Lady Rutland importuned me: I promiſed, and entered into a ſolemn engagement to marry young Lady Betſey Arran in four months . . . . . .

Sir James was proceeding, but perceiving me turn pale, and ready to drop from my chair, he cried out, and throwing his arms around me endeavoured to revive my ſpirits. Ah! ſaid he, from whence ariſes this fear? Wherefore this terror? Why is my dear Jenny alarmed? O my lovely wife! take comfort; a ſolemn contract has united us for ever, you are the choice of my heart, the knot already tied deſtroys every other engagement; hear me, believe me, do not miſtruſt the man who adores you. If you will condeſcend to put confidence in my ſolicitude, and yield to my deſires, every thing will be managed agreeably to my wiſhes and your own.

Sir James's careſſes, his arguments, his oaths, his proteſtations, nothing in ſhort could quiet the uneaſineſs which ſeized my mind, he could not recall my attention; my tears flowed apace, and I did not hear him. Ah, great God! ſaid I at length, a confidence of this nature ought ſurely to have been previous to the ceremony of this morning.

If

If your affection had been as powerful as mine, ſaid Sir James, I ſhould not have incurred this reproof which affects me ſo ſenſibly; I ſhould then have committed my welfare to your care. You muſt have perceived me for a long time agitated, reſtleſs, penſive and uneaſy; I was ſtruggling with myſelf, and earneſtly deſired to withdraw my promiſe, before my union with you. How often have I wiſhed to ſpeak to you? But there was ſuch an appearance of forbidding haughtineſs in your looks, of cold indifference in your heart, in ſhort you diſcovered ſuch a violent prejudice againſt me, that I was afraid of loſing you for ever, if I made you acquainted with my condition. How could I diſengage myſelf, without quitting you for a while? I muſt have returned to Lady Rutland, and have confeſſed my paſſion, my inquietude, my deſires to her; I muſt have endeavoured to move her, to ſoften her, and engage her to reſtore me my liberty: But the obſtinacy with which you refuſed every mark of my friendſhip, and rejected my repeated offers to ſerve you, determined me to keep as near you as poſſible. How could I reſolve to leave you in ſuch a melancholy abode, expoſed to want, reduced to the neceſſity of working for your ſubſiſtence, and determined to accept the firſt aſylum that offered? What would have become of me, if, at my return, I ſhould have found myſelf a ſecond time bereaved

reaved of you, the only object dear to my affections? Pardon me, thou amiable creature, for having attempted to ſecure you, at the hazard of diſpleaſing you. Here he pauzed, looked earneſtly at me, ſeized my hand, and kiſſed it; perceiving that I was ſtill in affliction, and not diſpoſed to return him an anſwer; O my lovely Jenny, ſaid he, I will not give you uneaſineſs; I will ſacrifice fortune, honour, dignity, every thing to her I love! I was going to deſire you only to wait a year before you took my name upon you, and appeared openly as my wife, that I might have time to prepare Lady Rutland; I would not have had her acquainted with the day of our marriage, that it might ſeem hereafter to be concluded with her conſent; this deference is due to her, even though I refuſe her kind offers, and decline the projected alliance. It is to me a dreadful reflection to be deficient in paying a juſt regard to a relation, to a friend who has ſo ſtrong a claim to my gratitude; but I will return every thing for which I am indebted to her generoſity, I will abandon the hope of a rich inheritance, the certainty of a title, every thing in ſhort. Ah! What is grandeur, what are empty titles to me? Did the purſuit of theſe acquiſitions ever uſurp the place which you hold in my affections? O my dear Jenny! Would to heaven! . . . Why, ah! wherefore did you not accept of my hand at Oxford? Why were

we

we not married before that fatal journey? The loſs of your hopes and of my own would then have appeared but a trifling accident. Reduced to my patrimonial pittance, without any other poſſeſſions than my ſmall paternal inheritance, I could have lived contented on the moſt barren mountain of Scotland: It would have grieved me no doubt to find myſelf incapable of procuring you any other pleaſures than thoſe ariſing from affection; but if you had loved me, if you could have ſupported our common wants without uneaſineſs, I ſhould have had nothing to envy or regret. Of what conſequence is the garment we wear, the food which nouriſhes us, or the proſpect which opens to our view, when we feel an inward delight, in the enjoyment of a felicity which we prefer above all others, and which alone, in our eſtimation, is capable of gratifying all our wiſhes. Here Sir James pauzed, and, with an air of melancholy and inquietude, waited my reply.

When we leave it to the option of a perſon of any generoſity, either to ſecure to us, or to deprive us of thoſe advantages which we ſeem to ſlight on their account, there cannot be a more powerful inducement to engage them to prefer our intereſt to their own, and to prize our ſatisfaction above their own felicity. A thouſand mortifying reflections occurred

curred to my mind when I conſidered to what ſuſpicions the required ſecrecy would expoſe me; nevertheleſs, a moment's recollection made me mindful of my recent vow, and of the indiſpenſable obligations of my new condition; I thought myſelf no longer at liberty to oppoſe Sir James's inclinations. As it is often diſagreeable and always in vain to make remonſtrances concerning paſt tranſactions, I thought it more prudent to ſubmit to diſpoſitions which it was not in my power to alter.

I ſhould be very unhappy, Sir, ſaid I, ſhould I oblige you to live in obſcurity, you who have generouſly reſcued me from that ſtate to which my ill fortune condemned me. Pardon the ſudden effect of an involuntary emotion; I wiſh I could have concealed it from you, and I reproach myſelf on account of the uneaſineſs it has occaſioned you. Explain your intentions, and I will conform to them. You have a right to preſcribe laws to a grateful mind: And they will never appear rigid, whenever your intereſt and happineſs compenſate the ſacrifice made to your deſires.

O thou charming creature, ſaid Sir James, tranſported with joy, I ſwear by your dear ſelf, that every day of my life will remind me of your kind and generous behaviour. When I was afraid to unboſom myſelf before you, I did not know all the dignity of your mind.

O my

O my dear lovely Jenny! Your tears have pierced my ſoul, but your complaiſance has raviſhed me with delight. I wiſh that I may ever be able to make a ſuitable return. Ah! May heaven puniſh me in its wrath, may it part us, and deprive me of you for ever, if I make the leaſt oppoſition to the ſlighteſt of your wiſhes, if I do not prevent them, if your ſatisfaction is not the principal object of my ſolicitude, and if I expect any other happineſs during the remainder of my life, but that of contributing to your felicity.

Theſe declarations of gratitude were ſucceeded by the moſt affectionate careſſes: he then began to explain the meaſures he thought proper to be taken in order to keep our marriage ſecret. The neceſſity, ſaid he, of my daily attendance in London, and my wiſh not to paſs a day without ſeeing you, determined me to chooſe a houſe for you near town. I could find nothing in the neighbourhood ſo proper for my purpoſe as a houſe at Iſlington, which ſtands by itſelf and is extremely pleaſant. I would have purchaſed it, but the owner would not conſent to part with the wing which ſhe occupies herſelf. It is entirely detached from the main body of the houſe with which it has not the leaſt communication, but it commands a view of the garden. I have inquired into her character. Her name is Roberts, ſhe is of a genteel family, is the widow of a clergyman,

man, and lives in a very retired manner. I told her in confidence that I expected a young lady of fortune and fashion from Coventry, who had promised marriage to my brother, a young officer in the navy, who was now actually at sea in the service of his country. The lady's relations, I added, pressing her to receive the addresses of another, Miss Jenny has resolved to put herself under my protection, that she may be at liberty to dispose of herself to the man whom her heart approves. Neither of us, I continued, can ascertain the time when my brother will come home; Miss will wait his arrival at your house. I concluded with desiring Mrs. Roberts to call you nothing but Miss Jenny, and never, in the hearing of any one, to mention the name of Asteley, which I told her was the name of your family. She promised to comply with my directions, she undertook to provide servants to attend you, she introduced them to me, and I have hired them on her recommendation.

In the character of my brother's confidant, my visits will not appear suspicious: I will endeavour not to make them too frequent in the day time, but every night I may easily visit you without being discovered, by means of a door which opens into the fields. I have cut through two apartments, which will lead me to the foot of a back stair, concealed by a bye

a bye way contrived on purpoſe. Through this avenue, I ſhall reach your cloſet. Lidy, and one of my Valets de Chambre, whoſe fidelity I have experienced, ſhall be the only perſons entruſted with our ſecret: My horſes ſhall wait for me at a neighbouring farm; no one will ever ſuſpect our intercourſe; and when I can detach myſelf from the dear delight which your preſence and ſociety affords me, I will go in queſt of Lady Rutland. I will diſcloſe my mind to her, I will avow my paſſion, without confeſſing that I am in poſſeſſion of the dear object which inſpired it. I will tell her that I was attached by love, before I was bound by my promiſe: I know her diſpoſition; ſhe is too good, too indulgent, too kind to afflict me. She will releaſe me from my engagement; ſhe will not deprive me of the favours ſhe has conferred upon me; ſhe will not change the generous diſpoſitions ſhe has made. I ſhall preſerve her eſteem, her friendſhip, and the certainty of a large fortune of which my dear Jenny will be miſtreſs. I will then declare our marriage as if it had been lately ſolemnized; I will preſent my lovely companion to the Dutcheſs, to my relations, to the court, to the whole world; then every one will admire the object of my love, my choice will be applauded, my happineſs be envied, and all my wiſhes fulfilled.

In the concluſion, Sir James aſked me if I had any objections to the arrangement he propoſed, or any repugnance to comply with it. I did not think it prudent to declare any. Nevertheleſs I was mortified at the thought of repreſenting the character he obliged me to perſonate. I bluſhed to myſelf at the neceſſity of appearing, before my own family, as a fond girl, who preferred her paſſion to her duty, as one capable of withdrawing herſelf from the natural authority of her parents, and of ſacrificing her reputation to her affections by ſuch a raſh and indiſcreet proceeding. The retired manner in which I muſt neceſſarily live, was the only circumſtance which could make ſuch a ſituation tolerable. I anſwered Sir James, that as I no longer conſidered his intereſt ſeparate from my own, I was ready to conform to his will, and ſhould endeavour to make my felicity conſiſt in doing every thing which might contribute to promote his happineſs.

He had the precaution to procure riding habits for us. We made choice of two, which Lidy and I rumpled, that they might not appear to be quite new. We then croſſed the garden, and went out of the houſe through a back door, which opened into a narrow lane which led to the high road. A berlin and ſix was ready to receive us at the end of the lane, and quickly carried us to

Iſlington.

Iſlington. When I got home, Mrs Roberts paid her reſpects to me. She addreſſed me very politely. My ſervants, to the number of ten, were ſummoned by her order; ſhe told me their names, and acquainted me with the ſeveral capacities in which they were to ſerve me. I invited her to ſupper, but ſhe excuſed herſelf, and left me when they brought word that it was upon the table. Sir James went away with her, telling me in a cool polite manner, that he ſhould call the next day to receive my orders, and know whether his firſt endeavours had ſucceeded to my wiſhes.

I made haſte to get ſupper over, that I might retire in good time. I hoped to enjoy a little reſpite, that I might reſt after my fatigue, or amuſe myſelf with my own reflections; but I had ſcarce begun to talk with Lidy, when I heard a little noiſe. My cloſet door opened. Sir James came in, and I found myſelf obliged to devote thoſe hours to him, which it would have been more agreeable to me to have paſſed alone.

The Baronet's taſte and magnificence had converted a convenient, but plain habitation, into a chearful and agreeable abode. Nothing was omitted to embelliſh it. Two graſs plats, enamelled with various flowers, terminated in a large piece of water; into

which a great quantity of fiſh had been thrown, to give me the pleaſure of fiſhing. At the end of the grand walk was an aviary full of delightful birds; there were likewiſe animals of every kind which contribute to amuſement in the country. In ſhort nothing was wanting; and a beautiful ſet of Neapolitan horſes were ready whenever I had a mind to take an airing in a berlin or chariot. I was infinitely delighted with this agreeable retreat; it afforded me that eaſe and tranquility which made me ſo happy at Oxford. Muſick, reading and drawing were my principal amuſements. But Sir James ſometimes diſturbed my pleaſures. He reproached me with entertaining a coldneſs which I had without perceiving it. My complaiſance, my docility, that extreme and conſtant ſolicitude with which I endeavoured to expreſs my eſteem and gratitude, were not ſufficient to gratify his paſſionate deſires. He required a warmth of affection from me, of which I had never even entertained an idea, and he was continually lamenting that he could not inſpire me with the ſentiments he wiſhed.

I was too much indebted to him, not to wiſh to ſee him contented; but I wiſhed it diſpaſſionately, and from motives which aroſe from a benevolence of mind, and not from that kind of ſenſibility of which Sir James would have made me ſuſceptible.

The

The equanimity of my temper made him uneaſy. He inquired into the particulars of my conduct, made himſelf acquainted with the manner in which I employed myſelf during his abſence, and ſeemed ſorry to learn that I reliſhed thoſe amuſements which he had induſtriouſly provided for me. The exceſs of his tenderneſs appeared rather troubleſome than agreeable; I thought there was ſomething whimſical in his deſires and in his complaints; they who have never been in love, cannot conceive what inquietude a heart deeply enamoured will create itſelf. The Baronet's uneaſineſs convinced me that it is poſſible to gratify love with the laſt favour, and yet not enſure it's happineſs.

Ten months elapſed, and yet Sir James ſhewed no diſpoſition to leave me, nor ever ſpoke of the time when he intended to go to lady Rutland. Nevertheleſs by degrees he laid aſide reſtraint, and was leſs upon his guard before the ſervants. The place he then enjoyed at court obliged him frequently to attend the King's levee, therefore he went to town every morning, returned again at ſeven, and never left me during the reſt of the day. I durſt not complain of a conduct which, under the circumſtances I ſtood, did, in my opinion, betray a want of proper regard for me; the moſt diſtant reflections on that ſubject drew his reproof upon me, and

either moved his reſentment, or created him uneaſineſs; my indifference, he would tell me, made his aſſiduities troubleſome to me. This idea nevertheleſs did not make him abſtain from the pleaſure he took in my company, but made him chide me every moment becauſe I could not participate of it to his wiſh. By a kind of prepoſterous deſire, he would have had me indebted to him for his tranſports, his careſſes, his indiſcretions, and for every thing in ſhort which he did to oblige himſelf.

In the beginning of ſpring an unlucky accident brought Mrs Roberts into the utmoſt danger. As ſhe was going to London in an open chaiſe, ſhe was overturned, and received a dangerous wound in the head: I was affected with the poor woman's melancholy condition; and the compaſſion I felt for her, was preſently accompanied with the apprehenſion of being obliged to quit my abode.

The court went to Tunbridge. Sir James's attendance could not be diſpenſed with; this gave him real vexation, and he complained a thouſand times of a confinement which had been the object of his ambition. On the day of his departure, he ſpent a conſiderable time in ſeeing ſome painters at work, who were finiſhing a perſpective. Two windows from Mrs Roberts's apartment commanded

manded the ſpot where Sir James and I were ſitting. Being unable to reſtrain his importunate fondneſs, he kiſſed my hand ſeveral times. I made him take notice that an elderly man and a genteel kind of woman, ſtood behind the windows, and ſeemed to obſerve us cloſely. He looked towards the windows, but they ſuddenly diſappeared, then drew the curtains, and continued to watch us, by peeping through them. We went in without paying any regard to their curioſity. Sir James went away in the evening, with an intention to return ſoon, and to find ſome pretence for ſeeing me again before the time expired for his reſidence at Tunbridge.

His abſence leaving me miſtreſs of myſelf, I made Mrs Roberts an offer of whatever aſſiſtance ſhe might require, and regularly inquired after her health. Before ſhe met with this accident, my ſervants and hers had had ſome little intercourſe together; as I now ſent meſſages to her ſeveral times a day, they had opportunities of ſeeing each other oftener, of becoming more familiar, and they ſoon entered into mutual communications.

One of my women informed me that Mrs Roberts was the daughter of a very wealthy gentleman: By her fondneſs for a young

clergyman, the Earl of Somerſet's chaplain, ſhe loſt her fortune, with her father's affection; ſhe ſacrificed both to the pleaſure of giving her hand to the man ſhe loved. Five years after their marriage, Mr. Roberts died. The Earl of Somerſet, moved at the condition of his unfortunate widow, continued to pay her the income of one hundred a year, which he allowed her huſband. That nobleman dying without having made a will, Mrs. Roberts thought herſelf a ſecond time deſtitute of every ſupport. But ſhe found a new patroneſs in the Earl's ſiſter; this generous and compaſſionate lady not only ſettled upon her for life the rent of a ſmall farm ſufficient to ſupply all her wants, but likewiſe cauſed the houſe to be built in which I then lived, made the gardens pleaſant, and made Mrs. Roberts very eaſy in her circumſtances, by putting it in her power to make an advantage of that part of the houſe which ſhe let for a hundred a year.

This poor woman was no ſooner taken ill than ſhe wrote to her benefactreſs, and deſired her to ſend one of her ſtewards to take poſſeſſion of her effects. She ſhould be glad, ſhe ſaid, to find them return to their original ſource, as no doubt they would iſſue forth again for the comfort of ſome new object of that bountiful lady's compaſſion.

Inſtead

Inſtead of ſending her ſteward, her benefactreſs diſpatched her valet de chambre, a ſurgeon, and one of her women to her relief. The ſurgeon was a man of ſkill in his profeſſion, and had orders to take particular care of her; her woman had directions to attend her conſtantly, to comfort her, and to promiſe her from my lady, that in her way to London, whither ſhe propoſed going ſoon, her ladyſhip would leave the road, and paſs through Iſlington on purpoſe to pay her a viſit.

Lidy going into miſtreſs Roberts's apartment one evening, found this woman who was ſent to attend her, ſitting by her bedſide. Lidy's appearance ſeemed to inſpire her with jocularity, ſhe attacked her in the way of raillery, aſked her ſeveral queſtions with a forward and familiar air of aſſurance; ſhe inquired about my birth, my fortune, and particularly about my intimacy with Lord Danby. Lidy, tired with her interrogations, and offended at the familiarity of her manner, made anſwer; Miſs knows nothing of Lord Danby, receives no viſits from him, and is not accountable to any one for her conduct; though ſhe can always give a very ſatisfactory account of it. Upon which the woman, repeating theſe laſt words, began to exclaim: Good God! What aſſurance! But your diſcretion is to no pur-

poſe, I know as much of the matter as you perhaps, and ſo do others. She added, with an air of diſdain, Miſs knows Lord Danby, ſhe is very well acquainted with him; you will own that ſhe is very ſoon. After this ſhe went away, and would not yield to Lidy's importunities, who preſſed her to ſtay that ſhe might undeceive her.

When Lidy acquainted me with theſe particulars, it put me in mind of the impertinent curioſity of ſome people whom I had obſerved. I thought there might be a ſtrong reſemblance between Sir James and Lord Danby. I rallied Lidy for taking notice of ſuch a trifling occurrence. It did not ſeem to me to be worth inquiring into, and I thought no more of it.

I received the moſt affectionate letters from Sir James. He expreſſed a ſtrong deſire of ſeeing me again, and complained how irkſome it was to him to be detained at ſuch a diſtance from me. His laſt acquainted me that his arrival was at hand, and I expected him every moment.

On the twelfth day of his abſence, the noiſe of a carriage coming full trot, drew me to my cloſet window, and I ſaw a coach and ſix attended by four horſemen, drive into my court yard. By the coronets on the top

of

of the berlin, it belonged to a peer of the realm. A lady richly dreſſed ſtepped out, and was followed by two women. The perſon whoſe queſtions had offended Lidy, ran to meet her. The lady ſpoke to her with a ſmile on her countenance; and ſeeing one of my ſervants in the court yard, ſhe beckoned to him to come to her, and no doubt ordered him to open the parlour which ſhe ſtepped into. Immediately I received a meſſage from her, inviting me to come down and receive a viſit from a Lady of Mrs. Roberts's acquaintance, who earneſtly deſired the pleaſure of ſeeing me and converſing with me.

This meſſage ſurprized me. I very naturally concluded that the Lady whoſe grand deportment had juſt now ſtruck me, was the Earl of Somerſet's ſiſter, Mrs. Roberts's generous benefactreſs. But to what motive could I attribute her eager deſire of ſeeing me? Who could have raiſed ſuch a curioſity in her? I did not find myſelf inclined to receive her viſit. The converſation the woman had held with Lidy began to diſturb me, and to make me apprehenſive of ſome miſtake, which might expoſe my reputation, or riſk the diſcovery of my ſecret. I thought that there might probably be a Miſs Aſteley, for whom that Lady miſtook me. Being quite perplexed and undetermined, I was go-

ing to ſend an apology, when, tired of waiting ſo long, ſhe came up ſtairs, accompanied only by the woman who had lately attended Mrs. Roberts.

Perhaps Miſs, ſaid ſhe as ſhe came in, I diſconcert you. But the deſire I had of ſeeing you, made me diſregard idle formalities. Then turning towards her attendant; How beautiful ſhe is, Bridget! ſaid ſhe, in a low tone. What a noble, modeſt, and graceful air! Is it poſſible . . . . I pity her indeed. Then addreſſing herſelf to me, You ſeem confounded, Miſs: I gueſs the cauſe of your confuſion; but be not afraid. I will neither hurt you, nor inſult you.

She was ſitting while ſhe ſpoke, and I had taken my ſeat oppoſite to her. I do not know, ſaid I, with vaſt emotion, whether I ought to thank your Ladyſhip for theſe aſſurances. I am however obliged to you for the compaſſion you are pleaſed to honour me with, but I am at a loſs to conceive what has made me the object of it. My conduct and ſentiments are ſuch as place me above the apprehenſion of inſult from any one.

Miſs, her Ladyſhip replied, this haughtineſs does not become you; you are wrong to diſplay ſuch arrogance, when I treat you with kindneſs. Do not convert my pity into

a juſtifiable contempt. You appear to be a lovely girl, and I am not ſurprized that you ſhould be the object of an extravagant paſſion. If the retired way in which you live is not the effect of Lord Danby's jealouſy, but the reſult of your own choice, I ſhall entertain a good opinion of your character. But tell me, how long is it ſince you firſt captivated his Lordſhip's heart.

I repeat it to your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, that I am aſtoniſhed at the ſentiments of compaſſion you expreſs for me. The cloſer I examine myſelf, I think it leſs probable that I ſhould ever become an object of *juſtifiable contempt*. I never ſaw Lord Danby in my life, and cannot conceive what can have ſubjected me to the mortification of hearing ſuch reflections; and of anſwering ſuch offenſive queſtions.

I have already told you, Miſs, ſaid my Lady, that theſe high airs do not become you. Do you think they will impoſe upon me, and perſuade me to believe you? Then turning to her woman, who ſtood behind her chair, I am ſorry, very ſorry, ſaid ſhe, to ſee ſo lovely a creature in ſuch a bad way of life, and more ſo to find that ſhe takes pleaſure in it.

A ſudden bluſh immediately overſpread my countenance, and I perceived that my

tears were ready to guſh. Your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, juſt now aſſured me, that you would not inſult me; I was in hopes that you would have paid more regard to your word.

It is you, who force me to break it, ſaid ſhe, in a milder tone. How can I endure the confidence with which you deny facts? You ſay that you do not know Lord Danby; notwithſtanding there are two people who cannot miſtake his perſon, who have ſeen him here frequently, and out of a zeal which I diſapprove of, have watched his ſteps; by which means they are perfectly convinced that he paſſes a great part of the day, and all the night with you; a private door . . . . But I will not preſs this diſcovery any farther.

Her diſcourſe confirmed me in the opinion that there muſt be ſuch a ſtrong reſemblance between Lord Danby and Sir James, that the one might be eaſily miſtaken for the other at a diſtance. This accidental likeneſs, as I imagined, expoſed me to the impertinence and reſentment of this Lady, who had no doubt an intereſt in Lord Danby's conduct. How could I undeceive her, without betraying a ſecret I was forbidden to reveal, and yet how could I endure that contempt which her miſtake led her to entertain for me?

I am

I am not arrogant, ſaid I riſing from my chair, nor uſed to bear ſuch language. I beg your Ladyſhip to be aſſured that you can gain no intelligence here concerning the Lord who ſeems to make you uneaſy, and I hope you will excuſe me if I withdraw and leave you to reflect on the rudeneſs of your expreſſions, and the raſhneſs of your concluſions.

I intended to have left the room, and drew towards the door, when her Ladyſhip's woman, anticipating her reply, came up to me, and ſtopping me, ſaid: Take care, Miſs, take care of your own expreſſions. You ought to behave with more reſpect. You ſtand before the Dutcheſs of Rutland.

The Dutcheſs of Rutland! ſaid I, dropping into a chair, and ſcarce able to breathe. In an inſtant I concluded that my marriage was diſcovered, Sir James's fortune ruined, and all his ſchemes overthrown. But if they knew me, why did they talk to me about Lord Danby. This was what I could not conceive.

It ſeems, Miſs, ſaid the Dutcheſs ſmiling, that the very mention of my name has in a great meaſure leſſened your aſſurance. I find that my viſit is by no means agreeable to you. Nevertheleſs as, in going to ſee Mrs. Roberts,

berts, I was led into your apartments by a whim, in which neither love nor jealouſy have any ſhare, I adviſe you to baniſh your inquietude. I will not diſturb the pleaſure of your union, which ſeems to be agreeable to you. I ſhould be very ſorry to make James uneaſy. He muſt have told you, that our engagements do not put him under the leaſt reſtraint.

Theſe words increaſed my perplexity. She talked of my union with Sir James, and juſt before ſhe had given me to underſtand that ſhe looked upon me as Lord Danby's Miſtreſs. I kept a profound ſilence, and was loſt in the confuſion of my own ideas.

Wherefore, ſaid ſhe, do you look ſo downcaſt, why are you dumb? How childiſh is this! What makes you uneaſy, why do you bluſh? Take heart. Lord Danby is at Tunbridge, is he not? I am going there, I ſhall ſee him: And I promiſe you to compliment him moſt ſincerely on the happineſs he enjoys in the poſſeſſion of the prettieſt creature in England.

This ſtroke of raillery pierced me to the ſoul, and gave me courage to ſpeak. May I preſume to aſk you, Madam, ſaid I, whether this raillery is not too cruel? What have I done that you ſhould treat me with ſuch

ſuch ſeverity? Sir James may not have paid the regard which is due to you; he has no doubt behaved with an indiſcretion highly culpable. But if he has made an ill requital for your favours, in what reſpect am I criminal? You accuſe me of a ſcandalous commerce with Lord Danby, and yet you ſeem to be acquainted with the tie which binds me to Sir James. Have I deſerved to be mortified to ſuch a degree? Was it my part to aſk your conſent? Alas! when a ſeries of melancholy events made me yield to the deſires and importunities of Sir James, I was a ſtranger to the engagements he had entered into with you.

Do you conſider what you ſay, Miſs, ſaid the Dutcheſs; from your appearance I ſhould not have expected ſuch audacity; dare you talk to me in this manner! But why do you ſpeak of James and Lord Danby as different people? Surely you cannot be ignorant that Sir James Huntley, now become Earl of Danby by marrying me . . . . . What do I hear, ſaid I, by marrying you! Sir James Huntley and Lord Danby one and the ſame . . . . What! is he married! He was married then . . . Ah God! My voice failed, a deadly chillneſs froze my heart, and I fell breathleſs at my Lady's feet.

My

My piercing cries drew Lidy and my women into the room, and they were eager to give me aſſiſtance. When I opened my eyes, I found Lidy by my ſide all in tears; I threw my arms around her, and laying my head upon her boſom, I am betrayed, ruined, diſhonoured! ſaid I, without regarding who heard me; I am fallen a victim to the dexterous intrigues of a vile impoſtor, who has cruelly raviſhed from me the only jewel I had left. O my dear Lidy! lead me hence, hide me, I am now poor indeed, I may now be truly ſaid to be ſtripped of every thing. O Lady Sarah! O my mother! your dreadful prediction is fulfilled; miſery and ſhame is the lot, the only inheritance of the unfortunate Jenny.

Lady Rutland, aſtoniſhed to ſee me in ſuch a condition, ordered Lidy to diſmiſs my women; and ſhe ſeated herſelf on the ſofa, on which they had laid me; How, Miſs, ſaid ſhe, is it poſſible, that deluded by vain promiſes, you ſhould have ever entertained the hopes of becoming Counteſs of Danby? Could he debaſe himſelf ſo far as to uſe falſe pretences to deceive you? . . . But how? By what art could he conceal a marriage from you, which was ſolemnized at London, in St. James's Chapel, in the preſence of the King and the whole court? Did you live at

a diſtance from the capital? Since when, and in what place, did you become acquainted with my Lord? Who are you?

I am nothing, ſaid I, Madam; like a plant torn from the earth and thrown aſide as uſeleſs, any one may tread me under foot, without being afraid that a ſingle creature will riſe in my defence.

The Dutcheſs being moved, condeſcended to give me her hand, and to preſs mine with an air of tenderneſs. Lift up your eyes, my dear girl, look at me, ſaid ſhe, with a tone of kindneſs. Do not be afraid to ſpeak to me. You do not know how much I am diſpoſed to be indulgent to you. I am ſtrongly affected by the appearance of ſuch violent and unaffected grief. Be ingenuous with me. I may become your friend, your protectreſs. I take an intereſt in your concerns. I begin to excuſe you. You are young, Lord Danby is amiable, he gained your affections; paſſion naturally begets confidence. But how could he impoſe upon you, what are theſe *dexterous intrigues* with which you reproach him?

Neither love, nor indiſcretion, ſaid I, have been the cauſe of my misfortunes: I have not been ſeduced, madam, but deceived, ſhamefully deceived! It is by means of

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an holy ceremony, of ſacred oaths, that an inhuman wretch has ſported with honour, truth, nay heaven itſelf! in order to obtain a right over an innocent creature, to add infamy to her miſery, and to raviſh from her much more than her ill fortune had already ſtripped her of.

The Dutcheſs ſhewed marks of ſurprize, and roſe from her ſeat. She ordered her woman to go and wait for her at Mrs. Roberts's. She pauzed, walked haſtily up and down the room, then coming back to me again, Conſider well, Miſs, ſaid ſhe, what it is you would intimate to me. *Sacred oaths! an holy ceremony!* What can I make of ſuch wild expreſſions? I ſee that grief has diſordered you. Compoſe your mind, which is too much agitated; recover yourſelf; do not be afraid of me. I am not attached to Lord Danby in conſequence of an abſurd paſſion. My curioſity begins to change it's object. At preſent it is wholly excited by the tender compaſſion I feel for you. Speak to me, my dear girl, tell me all your ſecrets. Once more let me aſk you, who you are?

I have already told your Ladyſhip, I replied, that I am nothing. Deſcended from two noble houſes, I find myſelf without parents, without friends, deſerted and unknown. Educated in the certainty of a genteel fortune,

tune, my miſery is exceſſive. Though married to a man of fortune and diſtinction, I have no huſband. Though virtuous at the bottom of my heart, I nevertheleſs find myſelf degraded to the rank of thoſe deſpicable women, in whom motives of intereſt or vanity have ſtifled the principles of virtue. Then, falling on my knees, with my hands and eyes uplifted to heaven; Juſt God! all powerful God! ſaid I, who art witneſs of my innocence, and of the grief which oppreſſes me, hear my voice! hear my fervent prayer! Open to me thy paternal boſom! Vouchſafe, O my God! vouchſafe to receive me in thy mercy, before my murmurs and complaints have made me guilty in thy ſight!

The Dutcheſs ſhed ſome tears, kindly helped to lift me up; then addreſſing herſelf to Lidy: How this unfortunate young creature affects me! ſaid ſhe. You ſeem to poſſeſs her confidence, explain to me theſe expreſſions which aſtoniſh me: She is married, and *has no huſband!* Who then is this huſband of diſtinction . . . . Surely it cannot be . . . . I hope it is not . . . . Here ſhe pauzed.

Sir James Huntly, ſaid Lidy, is the only man with whom Miſs Jenny's misfortunes have connected her; ſhe knows no other.

How!

How! ſaid the Dutcheſs, is it him, is it Lord Danby whom ſhe accuſes . . . Could he . . . . married! How, or, ſince when, in what place, what proofs? . . . . I have none, Madam, ſaid I, interrupting her. Every thing concerning me is veiled in a mournful obſcurity. Then making an effort to ſpeak, after ſtopping a thouſand times, and interrupting my mortifying detail with my tears, my cries and ſighs; I gave her a ſuccinct and faithful account of my birth, my education, and my ruin, that fatal event, which had induced me to receive with gratitude the hand of a baſe deceiver, who was artful enough to engage me to ſecreſy by placing a confidence in me, of which I had no room to ſuſpect the truth. At laſt, to convince the Dutcheſs that my credulity was not occaſioned by any fond weakneſs, I ſhewed her the two letters I had juſt received from Sir James. He therein complained throughout of my want of tenderneſs, and reproached me, with ſacrificing a great deal to duty, but nothing to love.

The Dutcheſs heard me with vaſt attention, read the letters, lifted her eyes to Heaven, ſighed, then clapping her hands together: To what fatal extravagances, ſaid ſhe, the impetuoſity of our paſſions is capable of leading us! What a good diſpoſition, what a noble mind, has renounced honour and humanity

manity to gratify a wanton deſire, to procure a momentary pleaſure, a pleaſure exquiſite perhaps, but which the reproaches of his own conſcience muſt daſh with bitterneſs? She then ran over the letters again, and repeated ſome of the moſt tender expreſſions. How abſurd and cruel are men, ſaid ſhe! They are in love, they ſay! To deceive the object of their deſires, to ſubject them to laſting regret, to debaſe them, to leave them a prey to grief, to ſhame! Are theſe the effects of their love? What then muſt be the conſequences of their hatred?

Theſe reflections were ſucceeded by a long ſilence; at length drawing near to me, taking me by the hand, which ſhe ſqueezed affectionately, Weep, my dear Miſs, ſaid ſhe, give way to your tears, but do not bluſh. You are unfortunate, but Lord Danby is criminal, he is much more to be pitied than you! Every thing he told you, is ſtrictly true, except his pretended engagement with Lady Betſey Arran, his relation and mine. I have no niece. The Earl of Somerſet, my brother, died about twenty years ſince, without ever having been married. As it was not in my power to diſpoſe of a great part of my eſtate, without entering into a ſecond marriage, I came to that reſolution, with a view to enſure a ſplendid fortune to Sir James. He then deſerved the concern I took

took in his welfare. When I left Briſtol, I came to London, and brought him with me. Upon my ſolicitation, his Majeſty was pleaſed to appoint him one of the great officers of the crown, conferred the title of Earl of Danby upon him, and gave him a ſeat in the houſe of Lords among the Peers of the Realm. A marriage ſo diſproportionate both with reſpect to age and fortune, did not expoſe me to any degree of raillery. My motives were very well known. Every one was glad to ſee me raiſe up the houſe of Huntley, reſtore an antient family to it's original luſtre, and repair the injuſtice of a mother, whoſe conduct was univerſally condemned. But as generoſity was the ſole motive which inclined me to enter into this union, I did not receive a maſter, when I accepted of a huſband. Lord Danby acquired a right to my fortune, without gaining any over my perſon. I continued to live ſeparately, and required nothing of him but ſuch a conduct as might juſtify my friendſhip, and the ſtep it had induced me to take.

In this affair therefore nothing concerns me but Lord Danby's honour, and your misfortune. I reproach myſelf for having given way to a curioſity excited by the letters I received from Bridget, the woman whom I ſent to attend Mrs. Roberts. I was deſirous

of knowing whether a miſtreſs, concealed with ſuch precaution, treated with ſuch reſpect, viſited with ſuch punctuality, deſerved to engroſs the affections of one, whom I took to be a man of ſenſibility and delicacy. I have diſcovered Lord Danby's ſecret, deſtroyed your pleaſing error, and diſturbed my own peace. Our common ignorance was a bleſſing to us both. You lived contentedly, and I did not know that Lord Danby was no longer worthy of my eſteem.

The Dutcheſs deſired to hear the particulars of my marriage again. Lidy anſwered all her queſtions; for my tears would not allow me to ſpeak; Ceaſe to weep and ſigh, ſaid the Dutcheſs to me, with an affectionate tone. Tell me, my lovely girl, what are your intentions at preſent, what meaſures do you propoſe to take? You have no proof of the horrible conſpiracy which has thrown you into Lord Danby's arms: You are a ſtranger to the wretches who are accomplices in your ruin; alas! if you could diſcover them, to what right could you lay claim. A prior engagement would make the ſecond void. Forced to accept of the trifling recompenſe which you may recover by law, by the law, which injuſtice often interprets partially in favour of the rich and powerful, you will add to this melancholy accident, the ſcandal of a publication more mortifying than

than the misfortune itſelf. I do not doubt your integrity, I am convinced that you have been deceived, I ſee that you are to be pitied, and your intereſt concerns me deeply. Dare you entruſt yourſelf altogether to the care of Lord Danby's wife? I make you an offer of an aſylum, of my protection, of my ſupport, of my friendſhip; come, my dear child, throw yourſelf into my arms. They were always open to receive oppreſſed innocence.

At theſe words, a ſudden and tender emotion cheared my dejected ſpirits. I threw myſelf at the Dutcheſs's feet, took hold of her hands, and, bedewing them with my tears! How, is it you, Madam! what, is it you! I repeated, who condeſcend to pity me, to protect me, to offer me an aſylum? You! from whom I expected, from whom I had no right to expect any thing, but hatred and contempt. Do you receive me in your arms, is your generous heart open to the lamentations of an unhappy orphan, do you weep over me, you Madam! Ah! may Heaven quit me of the obligation, and reward your kindneſs. The lateſt prayers of an unfortunate girl ſhall be for the happineſs of Lady Rutland.

She claſped me to her breaſt. Dear Miſs, do you conſent then, ſaid ſhe, to leave this place,

place, and come with me to London? Ah Madam, I will attend you, ſaid I, I will obey you. Be miſtreſs of my fate. Alas, I am ſo near ſinking under the weight of my affliction, that I perceive with regret I ſhall not live long enough to teſtify my gratitude.

Make haſte, ſaid Lady Rutland, to Lidy; collect all Miſs Jenny's moſt valuable effects . . . . I will take nothing away, ſaid I, interrupting her haſtily. O, may the preſents of that vile impoſtor never . . . Pardon me, my Lady, he is your huſband, your relation, but he is likewiſe the baſeſt. . . . . Ah, all the reſpect I owe you cannot make me ſtifle the expreſſions of ſo juſtifiable a reſentment.

I was ſtill upon my knees, with my head leaning on the Dutcheſs. She lifted me up, embraced me, went towards Lidy, ſpoke to her, ordered her to ſend for Bridget, and to call her ſervants. I propoſed at firſt, ſaid ſhe to me, to have gone along with you, but I recollect Miſtreſs Roberts, and I ſhould vex the poor woman was I to go away without ſeeing her. I will pay her a ſhort viſit. As for you, my dear, you ſhall go to London, attended by your favourite waiting woman. Bridget ſhall follow you there. She will conduct you to a Lady's where you will ſee me again in two hours.

time. Reſtrain your tears, compoſe your mind, rely on my friendſhip, depend on my moſt affectionate regard. Let not this cruel accident degrade you in your own eſteem. The guilt of it belongs to another.

Struck with the ſenſe of ſuch exalted benevolence, I was going to reply, when Bridget came into the room. The Dutcheſs made a ſign for me to hold my tongue. A ſtrange miſtake, a reſemblance of names, ſaid ſhe, has made us very unjuſt. I have found out that Miſs Jenny is a young Lady of quality, whoſe morals, notwithſtanding appearances, are irreproachable. We have been miſtaken. I know the whole affair. I charge you to conduct her to Miſtreſs Morice. My coach ſhall take her there. I will make uſe of hers to get there myſelf. I enjoin you to behave to Miſs with due regard and reſpect, and introduce her, in my name, to Mrs. Morice. I would have her treated like myſelf. The Dutcheſs then took me by the hand, came down ſtairs with me, embraced me before all the ſervants, and gave them her orders with an air of pleaſantry and ſatisfaction. I got into her coach; Lidy and Bridget took their ſeats oppoſite to me, and, attended by two horſemen, we took the road to London.

The preſence of Bridget was a reſtraint upon me; I durſt not look towards Lidy for

fear of giving way to the emotions of a mind full of anguiſh, I ſuppreſſed my ſighs, and endeavoured to refrain from tears. We were travelling with a kind of melancholy ſilence, when, within two hundred yards of town, we met a poſt-chaiſe going at a great rate. I did not perceive it, but I heard a voice, which cried out, Stop. At the ſound of that voice, with which I was too well acquainted, I was ſeized with terror. The Dutcheſs's ſervants obeyed. How could they do otherwiſe? It was their Lady's huſband, it was Lord Danby, who, thinking to find the Dutcheſs in her coach, drew near to ſalute her.

He expected her the next evening at Tunbridge. Never imagining that ſhe was acquainted with Mrs. Roberts, he was very far from expecting to meet her in a road which was quite out of her way. He was going to Iſlington, with an intention to ſet out again the next day. Seeing the Dutcheſs's livery, and finding himſelf too near her coach to avoid being perceived by her or her ſervants, he took the reſolution to ſtop and alight, ſacrificing the pleaſure he propoſed to himſelf at Iſlington, to the ſolicitude with which he endeavoured to conceal his conduct, and to the neceſſity of diſcharging an indiſpenſable duty.

END of VOLUME the FIRST.